

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 697, Vol. 27.

March 6, 1869.

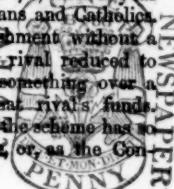
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MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHEME.

THE eager expectation with which the introduction of the Irish Church Bill by Mr. GLADSTONE was awaited was amply rewarded. As a mere piece of oratorical composition, his speech was universally acknowledged to have been one of the greatest triumphs which this generation has witnessed in the House of Commons. Nothing could have been more clear, more aptly arranged, more comprehensive, or with a better distribution of materials, than his statement. He was thoroughly in his element, and he has been so long out of his element while baited and vexed in the Reform debates, and while carried away by his own volubility in his career of stumping, that it almost comes as a novelty to find once more that, when in his element, he is among the very first speakers that have ever addressed an English Parliament. When he has to deal with an enormous array of figures, to address a vast variety of interests, to introduce ingenious novelties, and to weave in bits of not inappropriate sentiment, he shows himself a real master of Parliamentary oratory. His speech on Monday was like a Budget speech on a grander scale, and with a much wider interest. The effect of the speech, apart from the scheme it introduced, is by no means unimportant. It stamps upon the memory of a public which in recent years has had to listen to much criticism on Mr. GLADSTONE—which, if often exaggerated, has yet in the main been just criticism—why it is that, in spite of everything that can be said against him, he holds so commanding a place in general estimation. But the merits of the speech would have been very quickly forgotten if the merits of the scheme had not also been incontestable. The credit of having devised such a scheme, so bold in its general outline and yet so carefully considered and so ingenious in its details, belongs of course, not only to Mr. GLADSTONE, but to the Cabinet. That a Government so recently come into office, having to do with so much matter absolutely new, and with so many puzzles to solve in a short space of time, should have produced this scheme, gives a very high idea of the intellectual strength which resides in the leading minds of the Cabinet. The remarkable feature of the scheme is that there is no crudity in it, no noticeable blunders or omissions, no shirking of difficulties, no vague, tentative, half-and-half legislation. It forms a consistent whole. The whole may be condemned as bad or as founded on a wrong principle, but if the main character of the scheme is once accepted as good, then the details so cohere together, and everything in it is worked out so completely, that the scheme cannot bear much addition or alteration without being spoilt. It is in fact like a good Budget made in a time of great economical change, when every part of the contemplated remission or imposition of taxes and duties so dovetails into the other parts that the Budget must be taken or rejected as a whole. Evidently this is the impression which Mr. GLADSTONE's scheme has made on Mr. DISRAELI. After considering its provisions, he has come to the conclusion that the only thing to be done with the Bill is to oppose the second reading. When once the House of Commons has placed beyond dispute that the principle of the Bill is to be accepted, the acceptance of this particular scheme for carrying out that principle becomes almost a matter of course. Changes will be made in Committee, but they will probably be in those very minor matters which do not practically affect the character of the scheme. The success with which the Cabinet has done its preliminary work gives a hope that we shall really get rid of this wearisome question of the Irish Church once for all within the limits of the present Session; and if this is so, we may invite the world to notice that Parliamentary institutions, which are always said to be on their trial, will have come out of this particular trial in a most happy and encouraging manner.

The two great successes of the scheme, each of which shows great felicity of contrivance, great originality, and great

political tact, are the creation of the Church Representative Body and the destination of the surplus. That there must be some body created to represent the Church was obvious; but it was by no means obvious to hit upon the three peculiarities of this part of the Government plan—that the nature of this body should be wholly unknown now, so that the time of Parliament shall not be wasted in settling the squabbles of clerical parties, that the members of the Irish Church shall find themselves irresistibly impelled to create such a body within a given number of months after the passing of the Act, and that the Government, while having none of the trouble of creating it, retains a control over its formation by reserving the right to decide whether it is truly representative. The destination of the surplus, which was always said to constitute the main difficulty of the scheme, is so adroitly managed that there is probably no part of the scheme that will meet with less opposition. The expenditure of the money on works of mercy has a sort of semi-religious sound about it which may comfort those who object to the utter secularization of Church property; it will benefit the poor only, Irish people only, and the only class of poor who would not be demoralized by having money laid out in large sums for their benefit. Fond as they are of jobbery, not even Irishmen will turn blind or mad to profit by the spoils of the Irish Church. And then even those who most dislike it must own that the scheme is a very clever scheme in the subtle and delicate way in which it tempts—or, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said at the Middlesex banquet on Wednesday, bribes—people of all kinds to agree to it. There are little bribes held out to everyone. The disestablished Church is left perfectly free from State control, and has unlimited power to adopt any doctrine or any heresy it likes. This will be satisfactory to those who wish to see the Church invested with this sort of plenary power; while those who wish for a strong lay element in the governing body of the Church will reflect with pleasure that a Cabinet of laymen will decide whether the laity are properly represented. Then the Church is to be allowed to keep all its private endowments and all its churches. By the ingenious fiction of pronouncing the glebe-houses unmarketable, it will also get these valuable houses for next to nothing, while in deference to rigid equity it seems to be stripped of them. The Representative Body of the Church will also be pleased at the ease with which new endowments may be formed by the surrender of the capitalized value of the annuities of incumbents to the Representative Body, and the incumbent will enjoy the double opportunity of forwarding the good work and of making a good bargain for himself. The curates must own they have been handsomely provided for, and even temporary curates may hope for a gratuity. Then the landlords cannot be indifferent to the offer to let the tithe rent-charge cease altogether in forty-five years, and they may be thankful for the subtlety—or, as enemies will call it, the sleight of hand—of the PRIME MINISTER, who saw how this could be done by a mere dexterous manipulation of accounts. The tenants are still more benefited by the Bill, for they will all get off paying most of what they now pay to the county cess, and some lucky ones among them will be allowed to buy up the Church land with funds almost entirely supplied for them by the Government, which, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, in a vein of thought delightful to all Irish tenants, may afford a happy opportunity of trying the experiment of breaking up large properties. The British taxpayer, who for the first time in his existence finds himself advantageously remembered in an Irish scheme, will be saved no less than 70,000*l.* a year which he now pays to the Irish Presbyterians and Catholics. Nor are these adversaries of the Establishment without a special bonus. Not only will they see their rival reduced to their own level, but they get between them something over a million sterling in ready money out of that rival's funds. Certainly it is not for them to grumble, and the scheme has to many attractions for different sets of people, or, as the *CON-*



servatives would say, the bribery has been done so equally all round, that the opposition to the scheme is likely to grow fainter and fainter as soon as disestablishment and disendowment are once a recognised necessity, as they already are recognised practically to be perfectly inevitable.

The only objections which, so far as we can find, have hitherto been made to the details of the scheme by its adversaries, refer to the proposed treatment of the claims of the Presbyterians and of the Catholics. These objections are two-fold. The amount to be given in compensation for the cessation of the Regium Donum and of the grant to Maynooth is said to be too large; and, secondly, it is said that this amount is to be paid out of a fund which ought not to be burdened with it. The facts are these. By far the larger portion of the compensation fund to be given in lieu of the Regium Donum is to be applied in payment of life annuities to Presbyterian ministers and professors, exactly on the same principle as annuities are to be given to incumbents and permanent curates of the present Established Church. So far the two communities are treated exactly alike, and no cause of complaint arises. But in the grant of the various sums making up the Regium Donum there are two items—one for payment made to a Widows' Fund, and the other for certain incidental expenses of the Belfast College. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to give fourteen times the annual amount of these two grants as a compensation for their discontinuance. The yearly grant to Maynooth has always been made to trustees, and Parliament has never watched over its application, or seen what part goes to what individual. This annual grant Mr. GLADSTONE also proposes to discontinue, and to give in compensation fourteen times its amount. The objection urged is that this is too much. The income of the Irish Church is about 700,000*l.* a year, and about seven millions sterling will be payable in compensation for disendowment; so that the Church will receive only ten times its annual income in compensation, while the Roman Catholics of Maynooth and some Presbyterians will receive fourteen years' income by way of compensation. Equality demands that these fourteen years shall be cut down to ten. Mr. GLADSTONE acknowledges this, but he starts the theory that compensation given to places of education ought to be higher than compensation given to ecclesiastical bodies, because the world is more ready to pay priests and ministers than to contribute to institutions for training them. This is true as a matter of fact, but whether it constitutes a good reason for giving Maynooth fourteen times its annual grant is a very difficult question; and Mr. GLADSTONE appealed to an argument which would come home much more to many of his hearers when he said that another Session he should deal with Trinity College, Dublin, and that therefore it might be worth while for his critics to consider whether the theory he had started in favour of Maynooth might not be conveniently recognised in the interests of the great Protestant institution. The other objection is, that the sum of eleven hundred thousand pounds to be paid in compensation to the Presbyterians and Catholics is to be taken from a wrong source. Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to take it out of the property of the disendowed Church, and it is said that this is a violation of his pledge not to apply the funds of the Church in favour of any other religious body. But it must be remembered that this sum must be paid by some one. No one contests that if the Regium Donum and the Maynooth Grant cease, a compensation, amounting to at least a million sterling, must be paid. The only question is, who is to pay it? If it is not taken out of the funds of the Irish Church, the British taxpayer must pay it; if the British taxpayer does pay it, there will be no gain whatever to the Irish Church, but there will be a million more to spend on works of mercy in Ireland. Why should we in England or Scotland tax ourselves to give more lunatic asylums to the Irish, when we have every reason to suppose they will have many more and much better asylums than we have got? The debate is really not one between Catholics and Protestants, or between Episcopalian and Nonconformists, but between British taxpayers and the payers of the Irish County Cess. The British taxpayers certainly seem at first sight to have the best claim to consideration.

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND.

THE task of replying to expressions of American animosity, though wearisome and painful, ought perhaps not to be abandoned as utterly useless. It is, indeed, idle to appeal directly to the candour of a population which has for several generations been educated in a perverse hatred of England; but simple statements of the truth, addressed to Englishmen who may not have sufficiently studied the nature of the

quarrel, may perhaps find a hearing from those Americans who would not willingly be guilty of injustice. The failure of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's amiable fictions, and of the fulsome professions which echoed his assurances of friendship, ought to cause neither surprise nor regret. Resentment can only be aggravated by the affected belief that it is non-existent or insincere. The people of the United States were irritated by Mr. JOHNSON's misrepresentation of their feelings, and they were at the same time encouraged by the undignified eagerness which responded to his overtures. No fresh offence has been offered since all American parties were willing to negotiate for the settlement of the claims arising out of the war; yet the Senate has contumeliously abstained from even taking into consideration the treaty which six months ago it prospectively regarded as expedient and just. The less pugnacious class of politicians have at last convinced themselves that it is a hopeless undertaking to contend against a national determination to perpetuate hatred. The well known and able "Yankee" Correspondent of the *Spectator* confesses, in a curiously characteristic letter, that, in spite of his own supposed endeavours, there is no hope of a speedy settlement of the grave questions in dispute between the two countries. He also admits that "the reason of this is an unwillingness on the part of the people here to settle those questions unless on terms the acceptance of which by the British people is impossible, without a display of magnanimity on their part of which it would be hard to find a parallel in history." The term "pusillanimity" would have been more appropriate to an imaginary submission which has certainly no parallel in the history of a powerful and independent nation. It was not until the defence of the fortress had become impossible that the citizens of Calais went out in their shirts to meet the conqueror with halters round their necks. The writer with perfect truth avows that the *Alabama* claims form but a trifling item in the charges against England. It is not at all certain that an agreement to refer the recognition of belligerency to arbitration would satisfy the appetite of the people of the United States for the humiliation of a rival. Perhaps an unqualified admission that the recognition was wrongful might for the moment appease a rancorous hostility; but few advocates of the American claim have remembered that in crouching to one Power the English Government, while it disgraced itself, would offer an unjustifiable affront to nearly every State in Europe. France recognised the belligerent rights of the Confederacy on the same day with England, in terms which had been settled in concert; and within two or three weeks every maritime Power, including Russia, pledged itself to approval of English policy by adopting the same decision. The French Government more especially would have a just right to complain of a confession on the part of England that both nations committed either a wrong or a doubtful act requiring the judgment of an arbitrator. The Government of the United States virtually admits the injustice of the claim upon England by not preferring it against France.

The calm and accomplished "Yankee" seems to be as incapable as the most ignorant of his countrymen of understanding the grounds on which the recognition is justified. Notwithstanding the full explanations which have been given, he still fails to perceive that the establishment of a blockade was, as the Supreme Court declared, conclusive evidence of belligerency. In other countries private disputants generally submit to the decision of the proper tribunals on purely legal questions; but by an American the judgment of the Supreme Court "is not regarded as having any bearing on the question." The blockade is confused with the occasional determination of a Government to close the ports of an insurgent district, although such a measure would not justify the capture on the high seas of vessels bringing munitions of war to the insurgents. Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD preferred for this reason a legal blockade, with all its international consequences. The Supreme Court has ruled that the war had already commenced at the time when the European Governments acted on the same assumption. It may, indeed, be plausibly argued that there was no necessity for immediate action, and that the recognition would have been more courteous, though not more indisputably legal, if it had been postponed at least until the arrival of Mr. ADAMS. If all that afterwards happened could have been accurately foreseen, the English Government might perhaps, at the expense of much practical inconvenience, have been disposed to humour American susceptibility by a short delay; but, when the QUEEN's Proclamation was issued, no greater doubt was entertained of the existence of a regular war than if the combatants had been Austria and Prussia. No step was ever taken in more perfect good faith, or with less thought of injury or affront to the State which has since

thought itself aggrieved. The harbours of the Confederacy along a coast of three thousand miles in length were, with few exceptions, in the power of the seceding Government; and it had already been announced that Confederate cruisers would receive commissions or letters of marque. Half the officers of the Federal navy declared that their allegiance was due to States included in the Confederacy, and it was believed that the commercial marine of the North would be exposed to formidable attacks. The English Admiral on the West India station urgently pressed for orders by which he might regulate his conduct in dealing with the Confederate flag. At the time seven States, which had always asserted their own sovereignty, had combined to form the Confederation, and three or four other States were on the point of joining them. The leaders of all American parties had repeatedly asserted that secession was lawful, or at least that there was no power by which it could be prevented. The late President of the United States had professed the same opinion; Mr. GREELEY, the most conspicuous private member of the Republican party, openly advocated the theoretical right of secession; and General SCOTT, Commander-in-Chief of the army, declared that forcible reclamation was both impossible and unjust. Finally, the Government itself had formally declared that, if the Southern States seceded, they could not be recovered by conquest. The law of the case has never been authoritatively laid down, and the practical controversy has been decided by events. The English Government saw no further than the American people; and it afterwards discovered with unfeigned surprise that its neutrality had been misrepresented as partisanship.

During the whole of the contest, the Government, the leader of the Opposition, and both Houses of Parliament carefully abstained from even verbal interference. A young member who at an early period of the civil war rashly asserted that Republicanism had broken down was immediately checked by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then the leader of the Government in the House of Commons. Mr. ROEBUCK failed to induce the House to express any opinion which could give offence to the Federal Government, and in the House of Lords the cause of Southern independence was left to the solitary advocacy of Lord CAMPBELL, who, in current American phrase is expanded into the British aristocracy. It is unworthy of a great nation, which perpetually boasts of its greatness, to complain of the partial cheers which once greeted Mr. LAIRD, or of the unfriendly language of two or three Peers and as many Commoners. A year and a half ago the House of Representatives unanimously voted for the abolition of the principal rules of international law, on the proposal of Mr. BANKS, who in an elaborate speech described England as the enemy of the United States. Mr. COLFAX, as Speaker, formally welcomed the representatives of the Fenian rebels on the floor of the House; and within three or four weeks the Mayor of New York had presided at a meeting called to urge the Government to declare war against England. One of the deputies chosen to convey the request to Washington was the same Mr. HORACE GREELEY who subscribed twenty years ago to the expenses of SMITH O'BRIEN's rebellion. The House of Representatives has unanimously passed a vote of sympathy with the rebels in Cuba, and it has prospectively authorized the PRESIDENT to recognise the independence of the island, as soon as a *de facto* Government is formed. It is wonderful that intelligent Americans nevertheless affect to think their country aggrieved by the recognition, not of independence, but of belligerency, accorded to the Confederate Government, at a time when it held undisputed possession of one half of the territory of the United States. English writers, and a few newspaper correspondents during the war, have perhaps given some provocation to sensitive Americans; but the journals of the United States have for many years scarcely deviated into a single expression of courtesy or good feeling to England. Their correspondents in this country make it their business to collect details of pauperism or crime as indications of the social character of the community. The Correspondent of the *New York Tribune* lately threatened Englishmen with the vengeance of his fellow-citizens because they had received Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON with civility, on the not unreasonable assumption that his credentials were genuine. The Correspondent of the *New York Times* for many months scarcely wrote a letter without the assurance that Americans might indulge in any insult or outrage, because it was impossible to "kick England into a war." The "Yankee" himself seems to think that the ancient animosity of his countrymen is justified by the War of Independence and by the war of 1812. No equally intelligent citizen of any other country would think that resentment ought to survive war for thirty or for fifty

years. It is absurd to complain that in the eighteenth century the English Government refused to relinquish a large part of its dominions without a struggle, and the successful colonists might well have been contented with the retribution which followed on a few political blunders. They contrived to involve England in war with France and Spain and Holland, and bring her to the verge of a rupture with Russia, Prussia, and Sweden. The Stamp Acts and the consignments of tea to Boston were amply avenged; but unfortunately the Americans were afterwards determined to confine their studies to their own history, which contained scarcely any event except the quarrel with England. In 1812 Mr. MONROE forced England into a war at the very crisis of the great struggle with NAPOLEON; and consequently the flower of the Peninsular army was wasting its time beyond the Atlantic, while recruits and doubtful auxiliaries were fighting at Waterloo. The "Yankee" credits his countrymen with generosity on the inaccurate assumption that in 1860 they were beginning to forgive the quarrel which they had fastened upon England in 1812. It is not worth while to dilate on the extravagance of such a pretext for the hostile feeling which had caused the dismissal of the English Minister from Washington in the middle of the Crimean war. The feelings and language of former times are only exaggerated in the denunciations of the policy of England during the civil war. At a future time perhaps some American speaker or writer, after a dispassionate inquiry into the merits of the case, will have the courage to rebuke the obstinate injustice of popular opinion.

THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

IN introducing his Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE invited his hearers to observe that the key to the comprehension of its provisions was to keep in view three distinct periods of time. First, there is the period from the passing of the Act until the 1st of January, 1871. Then there is the period of ten years from the 1st of January, 1871, to the 1st of January, 1881. And, lastly, there is such an undefined period after the 1st of January, 1881, as may be found necessary to bring the dealings of the State with the Irish Church to a final close. We propose to state briefly the principal events, transactions, and arrangements by which each of these periods is to be marked. The main character of the first period is that it is of an introductory and preparatory kind. A Commission, to be appointed by the Crown, is, immediately on the passing of the Act, to enter into the technical ownership of all the temporalities of the Irish Church, and to assume the office and functions of the present Ecclesiastical Commission, which is to be dissolved. If any archbishopric or bishopric falls vacant during this preparatory period, the Crown will fill up the vacancy, should the Irish Bishops wish it to be filled up, but the person selected will hold his office subject to the provisions of the Act, and will have no claim to sit in the House of Lords. In the same way any incumbency will be filled up by the person having the right to appoint, but the new incumbent will hold his incumbency subject to the provisions of the Act. The State being represented by the Commission, the Church may, if it pleases, constitute for itself a Representative Body during this initiatory period, and all that the State will require is that this body shall be one fairly representing the bishops, the clergy, and the laity. By the end of the period it is assumed that the State and the Church will each be represented by a body duly qualified to act for them, and thus that it will be possible at the opening of the second period to make the necessary bargains between the Church and the State. Immediately that the second period begins—that is, from and after the 1st of January, 1871—the Irish Church will be forthwith disestablished. Irish Archbishops and Bishops will cease to sit in the House of Lords. The Ecclesiastical Courts and all ecclesiastical jurisdiction and law will cease to have legal existence, the Crown will present to no more bishoprics or incumbencies, the rights of private patronage will cease, and, subject to life interests, there will be no freeholds in any of the temporalities of the Church. The Representative Body will make such appointments in such way and on such terms as it pleases, and although, until this body chooses to make any alterations, the law will assume that the members of the new voluntary community are bound by the existing doctrines and rules of the Church, yet the Representative Body will be at full liberty to make any changes it pleases, to remodel its discipline, and to add to, change, or discard any of its doctrines. If, for example, this Representative Body chose to do away with bishops altogether, the voluntary communion would retain its existence and its property, although its whole character as an Episcopal Church would be gone.

Disestablishment is thus made absolutely complete from the 1st of January, 1871, and the much more complex work of disendowment, which is to last over the second period of ten years, is to begin. Disendowment means taking away the property of ecclesiastical corporations sole or aggregate, or of bodies or persons holding property for the benefit of the Church; and two questions may be asked—On what terms shall this property be taken away, and how much of it shall be taken away? The answer to the first question is that no person having a life interest shall be prejudiced; and the answer to the second question is that all the property of the Church shall be taken from it which does not come under one of two heads—namely, property given from private sources to the Church since 1660, or property of no marketable value. Every bishop, incumbent, and permanent curate—that is, every curate who shall have been serving as curate within two years before the 1st January, 1871, and whose engagement is, in the opinion of the Commissioners, of a permanent character—shall receive from the State an annuity for life equal to the clear yearly sum he has been receiving formerly, and all curates holding temporary engagements are to receive a gratuity. Exactly in the same way all laymen holding semi-ecclesiastical offices, like clerks and sextons, and the officials of the Ecclesiastical Courts, are to receive annuities or gratuities, according as they hold their offices permanently or not, and the owners of advowsons are to receive their value. But it is a great object to tempt the holders of these life annuities to close their relations with the State as soon as possible; and they may, if they please, ask that the estimated value of their annuity shall be paid to the Church Representative Body, with which body they will make their own terms; and as this body will be glad to get funds which it can retain permanently for its own purposes, it will probably give the annuitant a rather larger annuity than the State has guaranteed him. The private endowments of the Church made since 1660—an epoch chosen because it was then first made certain that the Irish and the English Churches held the same doctrine—are to pass without deduction to the Representative Body, and this body is also to take over as much of the non-marketable property of the Church as it pleases. Under this head are placed the churches, and the schools and burial-grounds thereto attached. If there are any churches which the Representative Body does not wish for, the Commissioners will pull them down, and sell the materials, while a special grant is to be made to aid in the maintenance of a few churches of national interest. The glebe-houses, if there is no building charge on them, are also treated as of no marketable value, but the land on which they stand is treated as being worth something; and the Representative Body, if it wants the glebe-house, must pay to the Commission the value of the land on which it stands. With some apparent inconsistency, glebe-houses on which there is a building charge are treated so far as of marketable value that the Representative Body, if wishes for them, must either pay off the building charge, or must buy the glebe-house at twelve years' purchase of its value as a tenement.

All the property of the Church which is not a private endowment and is of a marketable value is to be taken away from it. This property consists in some small degree of sums invested in the Funds or in perpetual rent-charges, but mainly of land and of tithe rent-charges. The land is to be sold, and the tenants who now hold it will not only have a right of pre-emption, but will have money lent them by the State to buy it with. The tithe rent-charge is virtually to be paid for forty-five years, and then to cease for ever. If, indeed, a landlord never chose to relieve himself from paying it, he and his successors would be liable to pay it for ever; but all he has got to do is to borrow its capitalized value from the State, which in forty-five years will consider itself paid off; or, if he likes, he may himself redeem it at twenty-two and a-half years' purchase. Thus the value of the land and of the tithe rent-charges will be almost immediately represented by money in the hands of the Commission. Before the ten years of the second period have elapsed, it is probable that the Commission will have got in almost all its receipts and made most of its payments. It will have sold its land and received the capitalized value of the rent-charges; it will have got the value of the land on which the glebe-houses stand, and a larger payment where there is a building charge; it will have bought up most of the annuities granted for life to bishops, incumbents, and others; it will have given its gratuities; it will have purchased all private advowsons; it will have handed over the churches that are wanted, and sold the materials of those that are not wanted. It will have made

its grants towards the maintenance of national monuments. It will have disposed of the burial-grounds; and, lastly, it will have paid the sums to be given in compensation for the cessation of the present annual grants to the Presbyterians and to Maynooth. The Regium Donum now comes to something a little short of 50,000*l.* a year, while the trustees of Maynooth receive 26,000*l.* a year. The Presbyterians are to be treated much like the Episcopalians. Their ministers, assistant-ministers, professors, and all others holding permanent offices, are to receive annuities for life equal to what they get at present, provided that they continue to discharge their duties; while the sum now given annually in aid of the Widows' Fund, and of the incidental expenses of Belfast College, is to be represented by fourteen times the yearly amount paid down once for all, and a further sum is to be given in aid of the College buildings. The trustees of Maynooth are to receive in a sum down fourteen times the amount they now receive every year, and a debt they have incurred to the State for College buildings is to be remitted. By 1881 the Commission will thus have wound up its affairs, except so far as there may still be annuitants who have not capitalized their annuities, and landlords who have not chosen to borrow the purchase-money of their rent-charges. But it is obvious that both these outgoings and incomings might easily have their capitalized value fixed, so that the Commission could buy Government annuities, and sell the rent-charges, if it can be supposed that any rent-charges could then be existing excepting on the forty-five years' footing. The Commission would thus find itself at the beginning of 1881 with a large sum of money in hand, which would represent the net proceeds of the disendowment of the Irish Church, and which would then be applicable to the purposes to which this surplus is destined by the Bill. It might happen that some portion of this residue would be in hand sooner, and the Commission is not bound to wait till 1881, but might apply it to the destined purposes whenever there could be no doubt that it was part of a clear residue.

This clear residue is estimated by Mr. GLADSTONE as something between seven and eight millions, the whole value of the property of the Irish Church being taken at sixteen millions, and a little more than half being needed for compensations and necessary outgoings. These seven millions and a-half are, in the language of the Act, to be applied for the advantage of the Irish people, but not for the maintenance of any Church or clergy, or other ministry, nor for the teaching of religion. It is unavoidable calamity and suffering that the spoils of the Irish Church are destined to relieve, yet not so as to cancel or impair the obligation now attached to property under the Acts for the relief of the poor. The support of lunatic asylums will absorb about half the money, and the other half will be devoted to the maintenance of infirmaries and hospitals, to aiding reformatory and industrial schools, to providing the poor with trained nurses, to educating and maintaining the blind and the deaf and dumb in separate asylums, and to maintaining idiots and other persons of weak intellect not requiring to be kept under restraint. The burden of providing for these works of mercy, so far as they are now provided for at all, falls on the county cess, which is paid by the occupier, not the landlord, and is exacted from occupiers, however small may be their means. The poorer class of Irishmen would thus benefit by the disendowment of the Irish Church, not only by having their lunatic, their blind, deaf and dumb, and idiotic friends kept in the most splendid asylums they could wish for, by having good nurses at hand, reformatory schools ready for their naughty children and industrial schools for their clever children, but by having more cash left in their pockets, and by being relieved from a vexatious and increasing impost. Mr. GLADSTONE even went further, and promised that they should only pay half of the county cess that might remain to be paid after the diminution effected by the contemplated application of the surplus property of the Irish Church had been made. The other half is to be paid by the landlord. This, however, does not form part of the present Bill, and was probably only mentioned by Mr. GLADSTONE because, as he had mentioned the poor Irish occupiers, he naturally wished to show what a good friend he was to them. The general result of the Bill may then be said to be that in 1871 disestablishment will be complete, and the Irish Church will be a voluntary communion governed by a Representative Body having the most ample powers; and that in 1881 disendowment will be complete, and that thenceforth an annual sum of 310,000*l.*, representing the net proceeds of disendowment, will be applied to works of mercy in Ireland.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

THE moderate improvement of the condition of railway property within the past year is satisfactory, and not at all mysterious. In some parts of the country the traffic is increasing, and the panic which commenced in 1866 is at last subsiding. Although shareholders have suffered heavy losses, the issue of a severe trial has proved that nearly all the great Companies are thoroughly solvent. With two or three exceptions, all railways have continued to pay the interest on their debt; and consequently the rate, which had risen to the amount of one-half, or even one per cent. on the principal, has now generally relapsed to its former level. The clamour of ignorant and interested railway theorists has worn itself out with the alarm which it tended to foster. The most credulous of shareholders would now close his ears to a demonstration that permanent improvements or extensions of a railway ought to be paid for out of revenue. The Court of Chancery alone, for some inscrutable reason, confers on speculators, at the trifling cost of a few shares, a right of litigation which enables them to depreciate at their own pleasure the value of the entire corporate property. The mischievous effects of uncertainty, and of misrepresentation have but recently ceased to operate, and it is only since the beginning of the present year that the price of shares has begun to rise from its lowest point of depression. The improvement within two months, amounting on an average to about three per cent., will probably be confirmed or increased by the results of the general meetings. The stoppage of payment by the Chatham Company, in consequence of inability to renew debentures, indicated the existence of a risk which had been entirely overlooked. Scarcely any Company could have dealt with the principal of its debt, however ample might be the margin of revenue after providing for the interest; and Boards of Directors have, since 1866, steadily endeavoured to substitute an irredeemable stock for the old system of temporary loans. It is surprising that, after the suspension of the Chatham Company's payments at a time when the Bank rate of interest was ten per cent., no serious difficulty has been found in the renewal of debentures. The soundness of the security could not have been more thoroughly tested; nor is there any reason to apprehend a more formidable crisis. In a few years the bulk of the railway debt will have assumed the form of permanent stock, and the investment already commands a higher price, in proportion to the interest, than the funds of any foreign country.

The misfortunes of railway shareholders have, like the dangers of railway travelling, been the subject of wild exaggeration. A journey in a first-class carriage on a well conducted line is nearly the safest condition of human life; and the ordinary stock of the great majority of the principal Companies has always produced a liberal return. The London and North-Western, the Midland, the Great Northern, the North-Eastern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the London and South-Western Railways, including much more than half the entire mileage of England, have for several years enjoyed uninterrupted though varying prosperity. The South-Eastern Company paid for the last half year the moderate dividend of four per cent. The London, Brighton, and South Coast, the Great Western, and the Great Eastern are only beginning to show a small surplus over their fixed charges. Within the last year the income of the Midland Company has been greatly increased by the opening of the new line from Bedford to London; yet the London and North-Western and the Great Northern Companies, from which the Midland traffic has been diverted at Rugby and at Hitchin, have maintained their receipts and their dividends. Nearly every Chairman at the late general meetings has complained of the operation of Lord CAMPBELL's Act, which is nevertheless too just and too popular to be repealed. It might perhaps be found possible to restrain by some equitable enactment the liberal discretion which juries exercise in favour of injured passengers. It is an old and perhaps unavoidable anomaly that the most frightful and culpable accidents are sometimes less costly to the delinquent Companies than minor collisions. An unmarried passenger, or a landed widower with an only son, may recover damages for a broken leg, but not for a broken neck; and if the father of a family is killed, it is economical to dispose at the same time of his wife and children. The Abergel disaster, which scarcely left a survivor, has not entailed on the London and North-Western Company a liability to compensation proportionate to the greatness of the catastrophe. The security of ordinary passenger traffic is in the highest degree creditable to railway managers, and to the officers and servants of the Companies. More deaths occur from accidents in the streets of London in three

weeks than on all the railways in the United Kingdom in the course of a year. The character of the accidents which occasionally happen is unavoidably startling and destructive.

Although much energy and ability have been exerted on the financial regeneration of embarrassed lines, the province of administrative skill is comparatively narrow. In the case of Companies which were burdened with large floating debts, it was obviously necessary to obtain the sanction of Parliament for the issue of additional preference shares or debentures; and in the meantime the revenue was applied to meet urgent demands. It is by this process that the Great Eastern and Great Western Companies have been enabled to resume cash payments to their preference shareholders, and to secure a balance for dividend or reserve. It is to be feared that neither Company has brilliant prospects, for there are no manufactures, no commercial ports, and no large towns in the Eastern counties; and the traffic of agricultural districts is inelastic. The Great Western line traverses in some parts of its course a more productive district, and the traffic has already improved with the partial revival of the iron trade; but the misfortune of having been constructed by a man of genius who preferred mechanical perfection to commercial expediency still weighs heavily on the Great Western. The abandonment of the broad gauge, which is gradually proceeding, will either occupy several years, or it will require an immediate capital outlay of two or three millions. In the meantime a considerable part of the system is as completely isolated as if the neighbouring lines were restrained from intercourse with the Great Western by prohibitive duties levied at the points of junction. The fortunes of the Brighton Company have been partially restored by the simple remedy of increased fares and diminished accommodation, as well as by the effects of the great expenditure which caused temporary embarrassment. Nearly all the Companies which had suffered under difficulties have reduced or extinguished their debts to outside creditors; but the North British Company is still compelled to pay its preference dividends in deferred warrants. According to the statements of the Directors, a Bill now before Parliament will, if it is passed, enable the Company to resume cash payments; and, if so, only one considerable Railway Company will remain in an insolvent condition.

The London, Chatham, and Dover Company has for nearly three years paid nothing either to debenture-holders or to shareholders; and seventeen suits in Chancery, conducted by sixteen solicitors, are, it is to be hoped, tending to decide the respective priorities of as many rival claimants. No tribunal could be less satisfactory than a Chief Clerk in Chancery who can only afford occasional scraps of his time to the most important and urgent cases. The delays of which injured shareholders and creditors naturally complain are probably unavoidable, and the multiplicity of litigants is caused, not by the fault of clients or solicitors, but by the speculators who employed strange and complicated devices in raising the capital of the Company. The ordinary shareholders, who behold at an indefinite distance the vague prospect of a dividend, require but little compassion. The greater part of them derive their title from the contractors, in virtue of purchases at more than seventy per cent. discount; and the few shareholders who invested their money at an earlier period must have consented to many successive postponements of their claims. The contest is waged among several classes of shareholders, who for the most part insist that they are preferred to the debenture-holders of all but their own respective sections of the line; and by the debenture-holders on different portions of the capital, and of various dates. It is probable that every purchaser of a debenture believed that his security took precedence of all the shares; but some of the shareholders claim a lien on the gross receipts anterior to any deduction. It is useless to recommend compromise and forbearance where there is an irreconcilable conflict of interests. When the Court of Chancery or the House of Lords has determined the priorities, some of the claimants will be paid in full; and perhaps before the expiration of the provisional term of ten years, the divisible fund, which now exceeds 100,000*l.*, may be sufficient to meet all preference charges. The Chatham line is for the most part extremely valuable in itself; and, notwithstanding the enormous amount of nominal capital, there is no reason to suppose that the construction was unduly expensive. The great defect of the railway is that the head is too big for the body. Two or three hundred miles of line, however profitable, are heavily burdened by great metropolitan stations and approaches. It is an extraordinary fact that the original shares still command a price in the market which represents the belief of purchasers in the eventual prosperity of the line. The Company which

nearly dragged down with it all other railway undertakings is the last to recover, as it was the first to break down. Nearly all the suitors in Chancery have been misled or defrauded; and it is but an insufficient consolation that the chief authors of their misfortunes have been overwhelmed by the ruin of the Company.

M. ROUHER AND M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER.

M. ROUHER must be accustomed by this time to the necessary though invidious office of throwing overboard the *JONAH* of the minute. In concert with his Imperial master he has reduced the process to a system. The appearance of the MINISTER of STATE, whether on the field of discussion or of action, usually heralds the disgrace of a colleague or the abandonment of a policy. There is no continuity between what he says or does and what has been said or done by any other member of the Government. The explanation of his conduct must usually be looked for in the attitude of the Opposition. He has learnt by intuition or practice the extreme point to which resistance can be pushed with safety, and his special function in the Cabinet seemingly is to announce when that point has been reached. Mr. DISRAELI played a similar part more than once in the Session of 1867, but M. ROUHER has to include the country as well as the Legislature in his calculations, and the demands on his acuteness are so much the more serious in consequence. It is hard to say whether the PREFECT of the SEINE or the MINISTER of the INTERIOR has most cause to smart under the latest exhibition of this useful talent. Baron HAUSSMANN has been disowned, M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE has been ignored. Neither sensation can be altogether pleasant, but perhaps of the two sufferers M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE deserves commiseration most. The PREFECT of the SEINE may well have been startled at hearing that he, and not the EMPEROR, is responsible for the reconstruction of Paris. Still, when the first surprise was over, there was an appreciable dignity in the position thus unexpectedly assigned to him. To have spent 8,000,000*l.* invests a man with some importance, even when he has been only an agent, and he certainly does not lose in this respect if it is suddenly discovered that he has been laying it out at his own pleasure. But the MINISTER of the INTERIOR has no such consolation. He was suffered to defend the administration of Paris in the Corps Législatif, in the undisturbed belief that the EMPEROR had been the real architect of every new street. Acting on this theory, M. de FORCADE LA ROQUETTE constructed an ingenious and even eloquent apology. He appealed directly to the vanity, and indirectly to the fears, of the French middle class. Under the Empire Paris has become the capital of modern society, and the change in its exterior aptly symbolizes the exaltation of its position. The gaze of the civilized world is fixed in reverent admiration upon the straight streets and high houses which constitute the Napoleonic ideal of architectural grandeur. To be sure, a good many of them have been constructed in quarters where they are not wanted, but this does but establish the foresight of the Government. These now deserted thoroughfares will one day be peopled, and if the work had been delayed a few years it would only have been more costly in the end. And then just think of the workmen it employs! What might all these skilled artisans have turned their thoughts to if their strong arms and active brains had been left without proper occupation? Who shall say how many insurrections Baron HAUSSMANN may not have unwittingly suppressed? Take care of the building trade, and society will take care of itself. Nor is it only the men's working hours that have been thought of. Their own labour has been made the means of keeping them contented during their intervals of leisure. Those "objects of 'luxury'" with which the critics of the Corps Législatif find so much fault are so many places of recreation for the artisan when the fatigues of the day are over. He has been building for himself as well as for others.

When M. ROUHER rose, all this pretty theory fell to pieces. There was not a word in his speech about the advantages which Paris has derived from Baron HAUSSMANN's administration. The most pronounced member of the Opposition could not have shown a more icy indifference to those sentimental considerations on which the MINISTER of the INTERIOR had rested his case. Instead of defending what the EMPEROR had done, he boldly denied that he had done it. To make the Sovereign responsible for the administration of the city of Paris "is to commit a deplorable error." The idea of a regenerated Paris may have been the EMPEROR's; but it is the execution of the idea that is now subjected to attack, and the responsibility for this lies with those who undertook the work. Having thus shifted the possible blame from the EMPEROR's shoulders

to those of Baron HAUSSMANN, M. ROUHER could afford to say a word or two in extenuation of his scapegoat's conduct. The impression left by his speech is that, in his opinion, the PREFECT has rather muddled away money than otherwise, but that his intentions have been honest all along. The prerogatives of the Legislature have been too often disregarded, "but the mistake will not occur again." Perhaps the present is not the right time for contracting a fresh loan, and it is natural that the Corps Législatif should be indisposed to leave it to Baron HAUSSMANN to determine when that time has arrived. The necessities of the case will be best met by allowing the Government to authorize the loan when it shall seem expedient. M. OLLIVIER has said, with some truth, that it is essential to the success of M. ROUHER's method that he should have the last word; and, if his speech had not come, as it usually does, at the close of the debate, the result could hardly have been claimed as a triumph by the Opposition. The real concession offered by M. ROUHER was extremely small. It was invested with some importance by the fact that it was made in the teeth of a fellow-Minister, but when viewed apart from this accidental circumstance, it scarcely amounts to anything. It is well that the prerogative of the Chamber should be respected for the future, but the value of the promise is a good deal lessened by its being virtually dependent on the willingness of the Deputies to leave the hands of the Government wholly untied. Indeed, a little reflection seems to have convinced the Opposition that M. ROUHER's surrender was only one in appearance. Three days later, when the Report of the Committee again came before the Chamber, the Left supported an amendment in favour of a direct and immediate loan rather than one to be contracted through the medium of the Crédit Foncier and under the control of the Government. A division was insisted on, and though the Government had a large majority, yet the minority were able to command 97 votes.

It certainly looks as if M. ROUHER's position in the Cabinet of which he is the moving principle was on the eve of being seriously compromised. The publication of M. OLLIVIER's narrative of his negotiations with the EMPEROR in connexion with the famous letter of the 19th of January helps to make it clearer what this position really is. In the beginning of 1867 the EMPEROR was halting between two opinions, and this is probably a fairly accurate description of him in the beginning of 1869. At one time he inclines to the "crowning of the 'edifice'; at another he fears that if he loses his hold on the country, he may not be able to get it again if he wants it. When he made his overtures to M. OLLIVIER, the first of these feelings was uppermost, and his desire to secure the Opposition deputy as a Minister probably implied an intention of dismissing M. ROUHER, who represents the opposite idea. But the influence of the MINISTER of STATE proved too great to be overthrown, and the leading object of the Government during the two years which have since elapsed has been to maintain the *status quo*. The means which M. ROUHER prefers for the attainment of this end are eminently elastic. He showed the utmost civility to M. OLLIVIER when it was on the cards that he might supplant him any day, and he will dismiss with equal composure a colleague whose only offence has been a too strict execution of his own instructions. Why he has opposed himself so unreservedly—remembering some of his recent displays, one might almost add, so passionately—to any reconciliation of the Empire with liberty cannot be said with certainty. It may be that he distrusts his own aptitude for a new system, and fears that its adoption would throw the EMPEROR irrecoverably into the hands of some Parliamentary politician. It may be that he distrusts his countrymen, and is genuinely convinced that the Empire cannot dispense with the safeguards to which it has been accustomed for seventeen years. Whatever may be his motive, there seems to be little doubt that he has identified himself too closely with repressive legislation to be chosen as the instrument for carrying out any other. If the EMPEROR wishes to change his policy, he must change his instruments also. That HIS MAJESTY feels this himself is rendered extremely probable by M. OLLIVIER's revelations. The letter of the 19th of January showed how strongly the EMPEROR's mind was leaning in the direction of Liberal reforms; the extent to which it has remained a dead letter ever since proves his unwillingness to dispense with M. ROUHER. But to play such a part as the MINISTER of STATE has chosen for himself requires something more than a succession of doubtful victories. A Constitutional Minister may be content with a working majority, however small; the Minister of an absolute sovereign must annihilate as well as defeat opposition. It is his failure to do this consistently that constitutes the

danger of M. ROUHER's position, and M. MAUPAS's recent crusade in favour of a responsible Ministry is sufficient evidence that M. OLLIVIER will not want successors among Bonapartists as well as among Democrats.

THE DUAL GOVERNMENT OF THE ARMY.

THERE is always abundant consolation in this world for the disappointed, and the many Liberal aspirants for office who were left out in the cold on the formation of Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry may find balm for their wounded spirits in contemplating the indignities to which their successful rivals are subject. As Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE once said when he found the doors of office closed against him, it is much more dignified to be a free and independent member than to undergo what Ministers are daily compelled to submit to. A few recent illustrations will suffice. Mr. TREVELYAN, by an unlucky slip, attributed personally to His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE those well-known defects of army administration which are caused by the duality between the War Office and the Horse Guards. He was compelled to apologize, and did so no doubt with that reservation of his own views which he owed to his self-respect. But the fact of the apology was published, and the terms of the apology were kept secret, and the subsequent course of the Ministry may have led unthinking observers to conclude that Mr. TREVELYAN has abjured his most cherished opinions. Nothing probably can be further from the truth; but a man in office is forced to submit in silence to the most unfounded imputations.

Mr. TREVELYAN's sorrows, however, are as nothing to what the MINISTER for WAR has had to suffer. Twice in one week Mr. CARDWELL has been called upon to answer questions the obvious purport of which was to draw from him a candid statement of the relations which exist between the Secretary of State for War and the Commander-in-Chief for the time being. Twice in one week Mr. CARDWELL has undergone what to a man of any sensitiveness must be the unspeakable humiliation of giving answers carefully worded so as to meet the specific questions put to him, and at the same time to convey a totally erroneous impression on the real subject on which information was required. And Mr. CARDWELL is not humiliated without companions in affliction. The Cabinet teems with men who in the days of opposition, not twelve months since, stoutly declared their conviction that the civil government of the army was being sapped by military authority and military influence, and all these men are forced to chafe in silence while their colleagues ask the House to credit a diametrically opposite representation. Nor is this kind of moral torture reserved for subordinates. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has risen to accept the responsibility of all that Mr. CARDWELL said. These painful Ministerial duties fall in a modified form, not only upon the Cabinet, but upon their organs in the press. We all know what a heavy moral price the semi-official journals in France pay for the exclusive information they enjoy. Something of the same kind may be traced in England, and the jealous dailies which may have envied the privilege accorded to the *Times* of announcing in the morning the substance of speeches to be delivered by the PREMIER in the evening may console themselves by observing the suit and service which the Leviathan of the press has to render in exchange. The clever statement of Mr. CARDWELL on the position of the Commander-in-Chief, which indulgent critics might regard as just not false, was amplified and exaggerated in the *Times* into an article which its most partial admirer must have seen to be just not true. Such are the indignities by which the possession of power and influence is tempered.

This is a sad state of things, the existence of which one would like to disbelieve, but there is no possibility of escaping the truth. No one who has considered the answers given by Mr. CARDWELL to Lord ELCHO and Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN, and both by him and by Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. WHITE, can doubt that the picture which the Ministers desired to present was that of a Secretary of State for War absolutely supreme, with a Commander-in-Chief as his subordinate, exercising no authority but what was delegated to him by his official superior. Most persons are familiar with the effect of a rose-coloured glass upon a winter landscape. Not a single line seen through it is distorted from the truth of nature, and yet a scene of snow and ice is converted, as by magic, into a landscape of tropical splendour. This is just what the Ministers have done. They have given colour to what they described; but while they invited the House and the public to accept their view, they took some pains not to transgress the limits of verbal truth in any specific statement. Mr. CARDWELL and Mr. GLAD-

STONE thought it right to pass over in silence the well-known fact that the independence of the Horse Guards, as the general rule, has been sanctioned by a succession of Royal Warrants, but neither of them committed himself to the direct assertion that duality did not "in practice" exist. Mr. CARDWELL said that there was no duality "in theory," but there he stopped, and was content to lead the House by implication to believe that the idea of the dual government had no other foundation than the accident that the Horse Guards Staff was located in Whitehall, and the War Office Staff in Pall Mall. Not so the *Times*. It is the duty of an organ to say things that the patron does not venture or will not condescend to say, and accordingly we find the *Times* converting Mr. CARDWELL's pregnant silence into the form of direct assertion. We are told by this candid and highly informed authority, that "the dual government has 'no existence but in the imagination of the public'; that, 'practically speaking, the authority of the Commander-in-Chief is at all points subordinate to that of the Secretary for War'; that 'Mr. CARDWELL gave a clear [!] explanation of 'the case in his answer to Lord ELCHO'; and that what passed in the House of Commons was 'an exposure of a most 'inveterate delusion.' Of course the *Times* was bound to outdo its leader, and while Mr. CARDWELL thought he had gone quite far enough in denying the existence of the dual government "in theory," the *Times* stoutly maintains that, "practically speaking," there is no such thing. Now all these assertions and insinuations are easily subjected to the test of truth. If the dual government is a mere delusion, if it is and always has been the rule and the practice that the Commander-in-Chief for the time being has no independent functions, if he is subordinate to the Minister in the same sense that any other army official is subordinate, then the Ministers have spoken with candour, and the *Times* with truth, and we, in common with all the world, have been deluded by a wild hallucination. If, on the other hand, it should prove that the office of the Commander-in-Chief has been by repeated warrants recognised as independent in many important particulars of the War Minister, if the matters which come under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief have been expressly excepted out of the jurisdiction of one Secretary of State after another, if the practice has always been and still is in accordance with this doctrine, then the dual government (whether it be a good thing or a bad thing) is a reality, and the Ministers have suppressed, and the *Times* has denied, the truth which the public are entitled to know. That is the issue which we have raised, and which we are prepared to abide. It is very short and simple, and very easily established.

In the year 1866 a Parliamentary return was printed of certain documents relating to the duties and authority of the Secretary of State for War in relation to those of the Commander-in-Chief. One of these documents, dated the 22nd of May, 1855, was a patent vesting the administration of the army and ordnance, *with certain exceptions*, in Lord PANMURE. The same exceptions occur in the patent granted to General PEEL in 1858, and nearly the same in that granted to Lord HERBERT in 1859. Since that time patents of this description had not, we are told by the compilers of this Parliamentary paper, been issued to successive Secretaries for War, and the reason is supplied by reference to a subsequent document, framed not later than Sir GEORGE LEWIS's period of office, once for all "defining the duties and authority of the Secretary of State for War in relation to those of the Commander-in-Chief." This document was not given in the Parliamentary paper, on the plea that the original was mislaid, but it is incredible that no copy or extract remains, and no one can doubt that it is still the governing document, and that Mr. CARDWELL could scarcely have been ignorant of its purport when he affected to treat the "letter of service" as the sole instrument which determined in practice the position of the Commander-in-Chief. When Mr. CARDWELL tells us plainly what the substance of this document was, and whether there have been any subsequent documents varying its provisions, he will find himself compelled to admit the independence, even "in theory," of the office of Commander-in-Chief on the office of Secretary of State for War.

But we do not need the details to prove our case. If the Commander-in-Chief's office is strictly subordinate to that of the Minister, as that of any Under-Secretary is, what is the meaning of a succession of solemn documents defining the relations between the one office and the other? The bare existence of such documents is an authoritative assertion of duality "in theory." We know well how Mr. CARDWELL will excuse

his statement. He may say that though the Commander-in-Chief is not by any document or by practice made in terms subordinate, still he does, as a matter of fact, yield in the last resort whenever the Minister chooses to intervene. This is true in exactly the same sense in which it may be said that in the last resort the House of Lords always yields to the House of Commons. But who would say on this ground that the Peers are not "in theory" independent of the Commons, or that there is no duality between the two Houses? It is exactly the same with the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State.

Now as to the practice. You cannot prove practice from written patents, but we can fortunately prove out of Mr. CARDWELL's own mouth that, as to one part of the "excepted" "powers," the independence of the Horse Guards is an actual fact. The Minister was compelled to admit, in answer to Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN, that there is no appeal from a decision of the Commander-in-Chief to the Secretary of State for War. Mr. CARDWELL says this is as it should be, and that is a position which any one has a right to argue, and which we are ready to discuss when once we get the facts honestly admitted; but to say that certain powers are vested in the person holding the office of Commander-in-Chief, without appeal, and in the same breath to say that he is a mere subordinate under a letter of service, and that there is no independence and no duality, is one of those contradictions that only a Cabinet Minister can be expected to comprehend.

One word more as to the explanation insinuated by the Minister, and boldly adopted by the *Times*, as the solution of the whole controversy. The dual government exists, we are asked to believe, so far and only so far as it is necessitated by the fact that the Horse Guards and the War Office are not under one roof. A single question will dispose of this idle pretence. The Commissariat is not under the same roof as the general War Office staff, and the same is true of the Purveyor's and other offices. Has this arrangement ever been found to involve any consequence beyond the sending of a few messengers backwards and forwards, and has it ever given to the chiefs of these really subordinate departments any of the independence and duality which characterize the position of the Horse Guards? Duality is not a question of locality, but of regulation and practice.

In theory, therefore, and in practice, in any but a non-natural sense of the words, the dual government exists. How pernicious it is, we are not discussing to-day; and if the Government approve of it, with all its anomalies and all its extravagant cost, it would be fair and manly to challenge public opinion upon it. But to evade the issue by denying the existence, patent to all the world, of that which they would like to defend but dare not, is a device which does credit neither to the candour nor to the courage of a Cabinet which includes among its members some of the most resolute opponents of military domination. We have only to add that if, instead of putting sarcastic questions which are easily evaded, Sir P. O'BRIEN and Mr. WHITE had asked for the documents we have referred to, they would have compelled an admission of the truth, and sooner or later the whole truth must come out.

MR. FAWCETT'S BILL.

THE difficulty of reforming abuses in other departments of State is trifling compared with the obstructions offered to any measure which touches the House of Commons. On Wednesday last Lord BURY enjoyed the opportunity of avenging, both by vote and speech, his late defeat, on the innocent Mr. FAWCETT. Both members proposed reasonable measures for diminishing the expenses of elections, and both failed to accomplish their object. As the law for vacating seats on acceptance of office was absolutely indefensible by argument, though not by rhetoric, Lord BURY was refused permission even to introduce a Bill. Mr. FAWCETT's measure, on which it was possible that there might be a genuine difference of opinion, was defeated only by a small majority, with the result of affording to the Opposition the shadow of a triumph. Except that he may perhaps have infringed party discipline, Mr. FAWCETT judged rightly in refusing to refer his Bill to the Select Committee on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections. If he had succeeded in carrying the second reading, the vote of the House would have been in the nature of an instruction to the Committee, which may still, if it thinks fit, adopt the principle of the Bill in its Report. There is little chance that the inquiries of the Committee will be followed by immediate legislation; and in a future Session Mr. FAWCETT will probably renew his proposal.

A part of the expenses in dispute would be saved, both to candidates and to ratepayers, if the obsolete practice of nominations were abolished; but the advantage of such a change would be too considerable to meet with the ready acquiescence of the House of Commons. The provision of hustings, of poll-clerks, and of booths would seem to concern counties and boroughs not less nearly than the objects to which their funds are otherwise applied. The Sheriff holds a County Court for the election of Knights of the Shire, and the polling machinery serves to inform his judgment on the real decision of the electors. The liability of candidates is inconsistent with the whole theory of elections, and probably with the original practice; but some members are afraid of encouraging contests by cheapening elections, and many more would rather pay two or three hundred pounds once in three years than be supposed to shift a burden from themselves to their constituents. According to Mr. FAWCETT, the expenses in a certain borough, where every election during fifteen years has been contested, would have been covered by the price of half an ounce of tobacco for each ratepayer once in three years. It may be contended that such sums bear but a small proportion to the outlay of candidates in many English boroughs and counties, or in little Irish towns; but some elections are pure and inexpensive, and the abolition of strictly necessary expenses would make irregular extravagance of liberality still more conspicuous than at present. The risk of encouraging frivolous oppositions was met, in Mr. FAWCETT's Bill, by the provision that an unsuccessful candidate receiving less than one-fifth of the votes given at the election should still be liable to pay his share of the expenses.

Mr. FAWCETT and Mr. BAINES contended that the Bill, among other advantageous results, would render the House more accessible to working-men. As no private person would dream of choosing an artisan to act as his agent in important and complicated affairs, it may be doubted whether legislative and public business in general ought to be dealt with more carelessly by prudent constituencies. It is possible that the practical Constitution of England may have been hitherto unduly aristocratic; but the qualities of gentlemen, or of those who are anxious to assume the character of gentlemen, have a considerable value; and politicians of democratic tendencies habitually neglect to estimate sufficiently the weight which Parliament has derived from the social position of its members. An upright and intelligent artisan is as respectable as an educated man of fortune; but if he was recognised as one of the natural leaders of the community, he would not be engaged in manual labour. Yet, however forcible may be the reasons against the election of working-men, no theory can justify their exclusion from Parliament by the indirect machinery of a fine imposed upon candidates. A few years ago Parliament thought fit to abolish the pecuniary qualification of members, either because the restriction was considered inexpedient or on the ground that it was systematically evaded. The expenses of the hustings and the poll ought not to serve the incidental purpose of limiting the choice of constituencies. The opponents of the Bill were probably influenced by a desire to retain some of the privileges which are still attached to the possession of property, but they were fortunate in the opportunity of using an argument which for the moment possesses exceptional weight in the House of Commons. The increase and the partial incidence of local taxation form the latest popular grievance; and it is undeniable that the adoption of Mr. FAWCETT's plan would have imposed an additional charge upon the rates. A young county member quoted in the original idiom the assertion of an enlightened constituent, that he would never consent to pay for the erection of a poll-booth; but it is not to be supposed that the most boisterous farmer would become a martyr to his conscientious horror of local taxation. The preamble to the Bill recited too argumentatively, but with perfect justice, the probability that when counties and boroughs paid for elections, they would take care that their money was not wasted. An under-sheriff or a mayor has at present no interest in saving the money of the candidates, who are regarded by a large part of the community as legitimate objects of plunder. If they were dealing with local funds, they could sometimes avoid the expense of constructing booths for the occasion, and in towns the structures which are only temporary might be applied during the intervals of elections to some useful purpose. The bills of the printer and of the advertising agent would be vigilantly checked, and in the result it would probably appear that many generations of candidates have been unduly taxed. Even if no reduction were effected, the burden on the rates would be utterly insignificant. The members who remarked in the debate that local charges were aggravated by a multitude of petty items, were probably influenced by political rather than economical motives.

If Mr. GLADSTONE and the other Cabinet Ministers had been present, the Bill would probably have passed; but on Wednesday morning Mr. AYTON, who seemed to feel a peculiar antipathy to the measure, was charged with the conduct of Ministerial business. He had urged Mr. FAWCETT in vain to withdraw his Bill, that it might be referred to the Committee, and he resented Mr. FAWCETT's refusal with a frankness which perhaps would not have been exhibited by the leader of the House. It may be assumed that if Mr. AYTON had been an independent member, he would have opposed the Bill; and finding himself compelled to vote for the second reading, he made his support as damaging as possible. It is evident that official silence is pain and grief to the most voluminous of speakers; for, in the absence of the Cabinet, Mr. AYTON attacked Mr. FAWCETT and his Bill in one of his prolix orations. He seems to have forgotten that since he was compelled to signify the Ministerial assent to the Bill, it was his business, if possible, to secure a majority. The Government is too strong to be damaged by a chance defeat; but a Secretary of the Treasury ought to avoid the risk of even the most trifling check. It is not even prudent unnecessarily to reprove a zealous supporter for alleged insubordination. Mr. FAWCETT's reasons against referring his Bill to the Committee were strengthened by the statement of Mr. HARDY, that a Bill affirmed on second reading by the House could not, in conformity with practice, be submitted to a Committee for any purpose except the examination of its details. If Mr. GLADSTONE would find a less busy place for Mr. AYTON, he would render the Government more popular in the House. It is often a serious question for a Minister whether an active member causes more inconvenience as an opponent or as a colleague. It would, perhaps, have been difficult to refuse Mr. AYTON office, and the suspension of his independent position has, to the great comfort of the House, materially shortened the debates; but it would be highly convenient that a Cabinet Minister should, if possible, supersede him in the management of the House on Wednesdays.

The rejection of Mr. FAWCETT's Bill acquires some additional importance in consequence of Mr. BRUCE's scheme for reducing the less regular expenses of elections. The applause which has been bestowed on the election Judges may have been well deserved; nor can it be doubted that they have interpreted the law with an accuracy and authority which could not be possessed by Election Committees; yet nearly all their recent decisions tend to relax the restrictions which had, according to popular belief, been imposed on the expenditure of candidates. In Ireland, more especially, it appears that a rich man may scatter money wholesale, as long as he abstains from direct and avowed traffic in votes. The increasing costliness of elections tends far more commonly to deter educated men of moderate means from standing than to exclude the working man whose admittance is recommended and depreciated with so much undue earnestness. A candidate who sincerely wished to discourage corruption, as well as to spare his own pocket, might perhaps feel that his efforts were somewhat less hopeless if Parliament had established in principle the liability of the electors themselves to the necessary expenses of an election. A refusal to pay anything would be more simple and intelligible than a distinction among various kinds of expense which sometimes slide imperceptibly into irregularity and excess. Parliament shows no present disposition to check the evil by distinct prohibition of the principal causes of expense. The employment of paid agents and canvassers, of messengers, and of watchers, will perhaps, on the report of Mr. BRUCE's Committee, be declared illegal; and it would certainly be abandoned if the ratepayers had to pay all the bills, as well as the actual cost of the formal election. For the present the Opposition feels a natural satisfaction, not so much in having thrown out Mr. FAWCETT's Bill as in having technically beaten the Government; but Mr. HARDY's inability to resist the appointment of a Committee which will probably recommend the adoption of the ballot proves that the majority is entirely unshaken.

HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the persons peculiarly affected by its provisions, there is no doubt that Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill will be gratefully welcomed by the London public and by those persons who have given their attention to the present state and prospects of criminals. That the professional instincts of those ardent lovers of freedom whom the purlieus of Whitechapel and Shoreditch will send forth to swell the Nag's Head procession on Good Friday resent an inter-

ference so prejudicial to their interests, is only what we ought to have expected. The juster fear is that respectable men, for whose protection the Act is proposed, will be so moved by that effeminate dread of inflicting pain which is too characteristic of our age as to agitate against punishments the novelty of which is less remarkable than the necessity. When we recollect that only within a few years men who were deemed intelligent enough to hold the Commission of the Peace for the county of Surrey startled the Sessions Court of Kingston by inflicting a disgraceful sentence on a schoolmaster who had inflicted needless and wholesome castigation on an unruly boy, we are prepared to expect any amount of shrieking remonstrances, not only from the backers and accomplices of our thieves and burglars, but also from the men of competent means and capacious stomachs whose muddled intellects are the suitable interpreters of their gushing hearts. Nor will there be wanting brawlers to enlist the democratic sympathies of the smaller householder in fierce war against any enactment which proceeds from the House of Lords. Costermongers from Bethnal Green and tapsters from the Seven Dials will unite in patriotic indignation against provisions which fetter the freedom of their customers and "pals." All the rascaldom and mendicancy of the land will be fired with constitutional enthusiasm on behalf of their time-honoured privileges of "loafing," stealing, and begging. Amid the din of insolent remonstrance and whining supplication will be heard the familiar accents of the professional humanitarian, deprecating the infliction of cruel punishments or unconstitutional surveillance on erring "flesh and blood."

The provisions of the Bill are, in the main, those which we have persistently advocated. The proposals of the Government are directed to the radical destruction of the criminal class. Some criminals are, like poets, born, not made. They inherit the taint of criminal blood, grow up under the fostering care of fathers and brothers who have professed only crime during their whole lives, and are themselves apprentices to crime from the day they can walk. Others are made criminals by accident; by the temptations of voluntary or involuntary idleness; by the example or the exhortation of wicked companions; by hunger and want; by casual association with criminals. The two classes will come within the provisions of Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill. The first of these provisions is directed against ticket-of-leave men. It is proposed that any ticket-of-leave man may be summoned by a police-constable before a magistrate, and compelled to prove that he is living honestly. If he cannot prove this, he will be remitted to the completion of his unexpired term of penal servitude. As ticket-of-leave men often escape detection in the crowds of populous cities and by removal from one town to another, it is provided that a network of registration and supervision shall be established over the country, by which their persons and residences shall be kept within the cognizance of the police. The next propositions are directed against criminals who have been imprisoned for felony, but not sentenced to penal servitude. They will be liable to prove before a magistrate that they are living honestly, though they will be exempt from the summary process pursued in the case of ticket-of-leave men. Should a man of this description be found under any suspicious circumstances in an inhabited house, or contravening the Vagrant law, he will become liable to imprisonment for one year, and to seven years' supervision after his term of imprisonment. The next portion of the Bill deals with those who may be described as habitual offenders. It takes away the discretion of the judge in the case of a prisoner who has been thrice convicted of felony, and punishes him with seven years' penal servitude. Such a man will not be called on to prove the honesty of his life after his liberation and seven years' supervision, but will be treated as a rogue and vagabond, and will be liable to one year's imprisonment if proved to have been found on any premises under suspicious circumstances. An important—perhaps the most important—part of the Bill bears upon the receivers of stolen property. It is provided that on any person who has been convicted of a crime punishable with imprisonment, and who is found in possession of stolen goods, the burden of proof shall lie, to show that he did not know them to have been stolen. A correlative clause makes the existing law of pawnbrokers more stringent. And one hardly less important than any affixes six months' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, as the penalty for assaults on the police.

To the general character of these provisions all but hardened humanitarians or their friends will give their assent. The Bill does certainly adopt some principles new to the English law, and a great deal of declamation may be expended in denouncing them. But, albeit novel, they are

not necessarily noxious. The element of "reputed" character has long been known to the Scotch criminal law, and has been found of great value in the administration of justice. Perhaps some modification may be made in some of the details of the Bill. But the general principle must be retained on grounds of public policy. The fairest modification of details which occurs to us is a relaxation in favour of "suspects" who reside in small country towns. They have neither the same facilities of crime nor the same temptations as those who live in large cities, and their residence has generally been selected with a view to self-reformation and the prosecution of an industrial career. The arbitrary interference of the police might worry away men who, if left undisturbed, would resume habits of labour, diligence, and honesty. But with the noted criminals of great cities the case is different. It is in the populous labyrinths of alleys, "courts," and "wynds," that their dens and hiding-places are found. It is there that their haunts, their rendezvous, their abettors, their "receivers," abound. It is from these that they issue forth to prey upon the country districts. It is there that they train up a race of successors, and corrupt by their example the idle and the unemployed who live near them. As a rule, the homes of the criminal population are and must be in great cities. Not only would small towns and country districts not afford them materials of plunder, but they would not afford the opportunities of concert, the facilities of conspiring against the public wealth, or of disposing of their pillage. So long as predatory crime exists, its professors must live in the capital, or in the largest cities of England. Therefore, the more stringent provisions of the proposed law might perhaps be limited to London and some dozen other towns. This is the only important modification which occurs to us as plausible, and we are not unaware that exception may be taken even to this. How much more stringent the law should be than it now is in the metropolis may be gathered from the catalogue of professional criminals with which Lord KIMBERLEY edified the House of Lords. It appears that we have amongst us nearly 23,000 known thieves and depositors, 3,095 receivers of stolen goods, 33,000 vagrants and tramps, and 29,000 suspected persons. Of these nearly 15,000 live in London, but all have communication with London. This is a goodly array; and when it is considered that a large proportion of these have been many times re-committed to prison, that they have, most of them, abandoned all design of living honestly, and that the more hardened and adroit have established a regular confraternity among themselves, it is tolerably clear that our present mode of dealing with them is slack in the extreme. They are enemies of us all, and we treat them as friends; they constitute a hostile camp in the midst of us, and we keep no watch on their movements. They exercise their calling in opposition to the law, under its protection.

It is surely high time that this were changed, and the principle of the proposed change appears unexceptionable. No one, we imagine, can entertain any reasonable objection to the registration of criminals who hold tickets of leave. They are a privileged class, and the individuals of a privileged class should be known to the world. They are a class of doubtful character, and their presence without the means of distinguishing them is a danger to society. The obscurity which they have hitherto enjoyed has been to their own advantage rather than that of the public. Few people can have forgotten the varied career and versatile abilities of Mr. GEORGE ROBERTS. Sentenced in 1837 to transportation for life, this predatory genius was found in England in 1842 under another name, and again sentenced to the same term of transportation. He reappeared on the stage of English life in 1851 under a third alias, when a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment was passed upon him. The obscurity which hangs over this period of his career favours the supposition that he worked his sentence out. After its completion, he committed burglary, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. Since that time he has divided his energies between the vocations of a beggar and of an area sneak, in both which capacities he has had to inhabit county gaols. Making any degree of allowance for the amusement or the edification which signal talent of any kind affords, it is clearly beyond doubt that felonious talent like Mr. ROBERTS's may be too finely cultivated. A convict who, after having been twice sentenced to transportation for life, reappears to continue his professional studies in England, may be an object of legitimate wonder; but he is an object of equally legitimate alarm. He commits and disseminates crime wherever he goes. Under the proposed law such a man's career will be cut prematurely short. Descriptions of his person, each of which will probably be illustrated by a photographic sketch, will be sent to

the different police-stations of England. If he escapes from prison, he will then be recaptured. If he comes out on license, he will be watched. If he renders himself subject to a second and third committal, he will become liable to surveillance in all cases, and to imprisonment in all suspicious cases. The men, too, who provide him with lodging and the means of conspiring with his confederates will be kept under the watchful eye of the law. And, most effective of all, the pawnbrokers who—despite Mr. ATTENBOROUGH's indignant disclaimer—are known to be the best allies and supporters of the burglar class, will not be allowed to fence with policemen as much as they do now, but will be called upon to open their books and reveal their transactions with their skilful but dangerous clients.

To all these provisions we anticipate but two objections. One is that they are new. The other is that they are likely to be abused by ordinary policemen. The answer to the first objection is obvious. The state of things they are intended to remedy is new. The object of the Bill is to prevent it from becoming normal. The second objection is more valid, and may necessitate an additional clause or two. It may be necessary to state of what acts the license-holder has been convicted before he is amenable to long surveillance. And it may be thought prudent to transfer the right of arrest from an ordinary constable to a police officer. Even this precaution may be rendered superfluous by the appointment of the District Chief Constables, whose presence will be a great check on abuse of powers. If opposition is urged by the country members against the Bill, it may, in the first instance, be limited to London. London is the haunt and focus of the crime which we most particularly wish to repress. If the principle of the Bill succeeds in London, it will be adopted by the large cities of England, and then by the whole country. And that it will succeed in London we have no doubt.

INTREPIDITY.

SOME of the qualities which we most admire in a man who has achieved an undeniably successful position are apt to excite much carping remark if they are displayed while he is only working his way to such a position. Foremost among qualities of this sort is the virtue of intrepidity, if we give it the better-sounding name, or, if we give it that with the worse sound, audacity, which is more commonly attached to it in the cases where its possessor happens to fail. When a statesman, for instance, has inspired us with confidence, then the more intrepid he is the better. In an ordinary way there is so much timorousness, apprehension, dread of movement, and passion for the *status quo*, that the sight of men in high places with none of these fussy weaknesses is almost a liberal education in itself. Most people are so closely surrounded by the denseness of their personal and daily circumstance, with all its exactions and demands, that there is no room for the display of that far-seeing and commanding grasp, that reposeful yet energetic self-reliance, which we justly admire in the ruler. Yet somehow we are always inclined to postulate from an intrepid man that he shall have earned his right to be intrepid. Coming short of this, he is more likely than not to be banned as an adventurer, and what is by and by relished as intrepidity is meanwhile confusedly stigmatized as unscrupulousness or impudence. Thus, the poor man who aspires to Parliament is an adventurer until he gets a seat; the man in Parliament who aspires to office is an adventurer until some rare chance turns up of proving himself unmistakeably disinterested, or until after long probation he has acquired such a character and reputation as effectually to banish all mean or sinister associations from around his name. In a word, there is nothing the world likes so much as intrepidity, when it is sure of its man; nothing it is so chary of construing favourably, until it is quite sure about the rest of a person. There are two explanations of this suspicious and doubting temper, both of which may contain a measure of the truth; we may either attribute it to the sometimes inane grudging and envyousness of men towards their fellows who happen to be taller than the average by a head, or else to the ease with which the virtue is counterfeited by self-interested pushing and forwardness, or by mere ignorant rashness. Moreover it is not to be denied that the world has suffered many things of intrepidity, which is too often found in close company with a heartless indifference to the injuries which may be inflicted right and left in the progress to some end ever kept steadily in view. In politics this is particularly true; intrepidity means Napoleons and Disraelis. We think of mendacious bulletins and Maundy Thursday epistles. Taking all these considerations together—the envyousness of the natural man, the spuriousness of much assumed intrepidity, and the number of persons afloat even in high places who hold the theory that the aim of a career is *l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme*—we may begin to understand how it is that even the wise intrepid man often prefers to pass himself off for a quiet person of a blameless and no more than commonplace kind of character. The ancients were anxious to avert Nemesis, and the intrepid modern may well be anxious to conciliate a public opinion which is naturally hostile to a man who boldly proposes to walk over the public head.

Intrepidity on a humbler scale, however, than in the elevated domain of political and public action is less open to invidious remark, and is a virtue worth thinking about. It is rather in accordance with our prevalent traditions to make little of this quality, and to assume that success must be due almost entirely to the respectable qualities of the tortoise. In an old-fashioned commercial country this is quite what we might have expected. As a general rule, a man who sets to work to make his fortune in trade had perhaps better discourage the intrepid impulses of his character as rigidly as he knows how to do, in favour of cautious feeling of his way bit by bit, and of the commonplace excellences of industry, patience, and a slow-blooded tenacity. It is true that we have now fallen upon days when the City loves a speculative stroke, and the temper which rushes into dry goods, teas, tallow, or anything else in the spirit of the desperate warrior heading forlorn hopes. But this new love, besides being particularly out of repute at the moment, it is in any case thought better to cherish in secret. No Polonius would include the speculative stroke among the practices to be enjoined upon ingenuous youth. And in other professions than that of commercial money-making, the experience of the world and a natural turn for perseverance among the best kinds of Englishmen—and, in saying Englishmen, let us be understood to mean particularly Scotchmen—have combined to bring a dashing spirit into a certain suspected position. Yet there is no reason why the cool man who sits tranquilly down for a tenacious spell of some five-and-twenty or thirty years' work, drudging, monotonous, exacting, never to be shirked, and in no way glorious, should not plume himself on possessing intrepidity in the very highest degree; far more than if he impetuously proposed to himself to scale the heights of fortune at a single dash. This is the sort of true intrepidity to which the common use of the term does but scanty justice; as if it did not involve a far more considerable coolness, reach of vision, freedom from tremors, and reliance on one's own nerve and muscle, than the mere capacity of making one or more dashes. We do not often hear people talk of an intrepid patience, yet nobody with any reflection or observation will deny that there is such a thing. Consider the intrepidity of patience on the intellectual side implied in setting about one of those great literary tasks whose execution our own time has been so fortunate as to witness. The tenacity of a merchant who deliberately contemplates the prospect of ever so many years' drudgery and anxiety before he realizes his proposed fortune is not any more marked than the tenacity of an author, like Milman or Grote, who calmly contemplates an equally long prospect of toil to be undergone before the goal of the final chapter shall be reached. The position of a learned author is so dazzling that people seem somehow to associate dazzle and joy with the labours which have achieved the position. They might just as well assume that the merchant or the barrister earned his money amidst the same luxurious and sprightly surroundings in which he may choose to spend it. Yes, but, it may be said, the writer of a great history, for example, has a certain lofty pleasure in the work as it grows under his hands; his investigations are a delight to him because they bring him new treasures; the consciousness that he is contributing new ideas to the stock of humanity is inspiring and elevating. And all this is probably true enough in its way of many moments; but it need not be said that there is another side which is not by any means so attractively rose-coloured. First, there is much downright hard physical endurance to go through. Then, it does not follow, because a man finds pleasure in learning and composition, that he should find no pleasure in anything else; yet, if he be really hard at work, a good many if not most of the other pleasures will have to be sacrificed without remorse or second thought. Worse than either of these, and more inevitably painful, are the intellectual discouragements which throng in many forms around the growing task, and make the wretch feel as if he would fain dash his inkstand at them as Luther did to demolish the mocking fiend. Hence anybody who sits down to work knowing what he has to encounter deserves credit for at least as much sheer brute tenacity or intrepidity as the long-headed merchant or anybody else who, being poor, resolutely sets to work by slow degrees to make himself rich. Then, again, there is the votary of physical science, who needs courage as much as any of his neighbours—the courage of patience, coupled with that animating far-sightedness which is at the root of all intrepidity that is worth the name, or at any rate that is worth having oneself or admiring in other people. Indeed it is exactly this far-sightedness which distinguishes the virtue from its counterfeit. The rash man, dazzled by false impressions either of himself, or of circumstances, or of the people with whom he has to work, believes that he can see further than plain folk, when in fact he is either near-sighted as a bat, or squints, or has colour-blindness, or is in some other way not only not more clear-seeing than the rest, but not nearly so much so. Who does not know the pretentiously intrepid man of this sort, who flies into the air like Icarus, and then, when the warm sun of realities melts his sham wings, flops down to earth or water again?

Yet it is to be said that even when calm and confident self-reliance is not justified, and when events and forces turn out to be quite different from what they had been calculated to be, still a man is by so much the better for his miscalculation in a great many circumstances that may be imagined. Only let us picture the extent to which even a strong person is weakened, the injustice which he does to himself, the disadvantage at which all his

powers work, if his strength should happen to lie in every direction but that of fixing his aims and marching towards their fulfilment without the consciousness that there is a world round about him of people with envious eyes and restless unsparing tongues. To be unconscious of the numbers and voices of the audience that accompanies each of us, in one walk of life as in another, must obviously multiply power to a degree almost beyond computation. Such blindness and deafness leave us so free, not universally perhaps, for there are temperaments which are only really alive and alert when the eye and words of the crowd begin to play upon them. And men of such a temperament are likely to be more generous, humane, and sympathetic than others in the conception of their projects. It is only when the hour for executing a project arrives that the danger and weakness of such sensibility are fully experienced. A great Minister of our own time might serve to point this moral; a Minister who appears to have quailed and trembled, and passed slumberless nights tossing on his bed, because some obscure pamphleteer had used bad language about his supposed schemes for disestablishment of the Irish Church. A man less accessible to the scurrility of every passer-by who should choose to shoot out a tongue at him would be much more free to perform his political taskwork with comfort and effectiveness. There is the great letter-writing statesman, for instance, who would, according to the old jest that concealed so much truth, advance with equal intrepidity to the command of the fleet or the amputation of a limb. This is perhaps an excess of a good thing, yet it is excess in the right direction. Nobody can doubt that Lord Russell has had the benefit of such powers as he was born with, absolutely unimpeded. He has been able decidedly to make the best possible use of them, from his own point of view at any rate.

It is perhaps just worth pointing out that action often looks very intrepid when in truth it is only unusual. The unknown always seems set thick with dangers, and the man who steps forth into uncommon courses is assumed to be running countless risks. The beaten track is naturally the safest, yet there is no reason why other tracks should not be safe too, and a man deviating into a career or a policy of his own may be complying just as carefully with all the conditions of soberness and well-doing as if he were acting as people in his case are accustomed to act. He shows more or less strongly marked individuality, but individuality and intrepidity are two different things. Some of the most terrible penalties that await new courses are in the estimates which friends form and express about them. To be able to face these implies courage of the rarest sort; but then persons with strongly marked individualities are as often as not blessed with a thick-skinned apathy about outside opinion which, as we have already said, may be a drawback to fineness of conception, but is a clear gain in carrying plans out.

INSTINCTIVE CRUELTY.

CRUELTY is popularly supposed to be one of those vices to which the "wicked heart" of man is most naturally prone. The earth is indeed stated, at a very early period of its history, to have been "full of cruel habitations;" but then the unbridled lust of power and self necessarily leads to a great deal of violence and oppression, and we are speaking here of cruelty for its own sake, not of a selfish disregard for the rights or happiness of others where our own interest is concerned. Every kind of crime, however unnatural or even repulsive in itself, is perpetrated often enough when there is some ulterior object to be gained. But whereas there are "pleasant sins" which most men feel inclined to unless they are restrained by some stronger motive, whether of morality or self-interest, there are also sins which to all appearance they "feel no mind to," except as the means of attaining some further end. It is hard, for instance, to conceive a state of society where parricide would be a normal form of temptation, though a wider experience might have warned Solon against treating it as an impossibility. And cruelty for the mere sake of cruelty is commonly thought to come under this category. It is regarded as too purely diabolical a passion to appeal to any natural instinct of even the most depraved human spirit. There are hideous and well-authenticated tales, to be sure, of monsters in human form who are scarcely, if at all, caricatured by the ogres and Blue Beards, *et id genus omne*, who were the terror of our tender youth. But then the personages of whom these things are related, though they have every claim to be considered historical, lived for the most part some hundreds of years ago. And we all remember the story of the old woman whose feelings had been deeply harrowed by a Good Friday sermon, but who was at once relieved on learning that the events referred to happened eighteen centuries ago. "Well," she observed, "that is a very long time; let us hope it isn't true." In the same way we half unconsciously hope or suspect that those shocking stories of child-killers, were-wolves, and the like, are not quite true, seeing that they generally refer to a period long past. And besides, if they are true, there is always the convenient resource of temporary or chronic insanity. Why should we consider them typical of a natural instinct any more than the ravings of some unhappy denizen of Hanwell prove that it is an instinct of our corrupted nature to fancy oneself the Emperor Napoleon or the Second Person of the Trinity? And so we are thrown back on the old inquiry, whether cruelty for its own sake is really a natural, or only an acquired taste; or, we should rather perhaps say, whether it has any existence at all when there is no ulterior motive of personal interest or malice to explain it.

In other words, is the witnessing of pain inflicted on others, or on brute animals, a natural source of vicious enjoyment, apart from any special ground of antipathy to our victims?

The popular answer to the question, as we said before, is in the negative, and every alleged case of motiveless cruelty is at once set down to monomania or some form of mental disease. No doubt this is the pleasantest view to take of the matter. But is it the true one? Those who say that it is will of course appeal with confidence to the ordinary experiences of social life. We see abundant examples, they will tell us, of double-dealing and oppression and niggardliness and harsh contempt for the feelings and sufferings of others, and in all these ways cruel injury is inflicted on them, but it is not done for the sake of injuring them. Dives takes no particular pleasure in the sores of the starving Lazarus, though he is too covetous or too careless to relieve him. On the other hand, habits of mind are formed, as moralists teach, both by acts and by passive impressions, though in diverse manners. The constant performance of acts of benevolence produces a benevolent temper of mind, but the habitual contemplation of pain and suffering, without any attempt to relieve it, hardens the temper against all genuine feeling of sympathy. Parish doctors sometimes become in this way little short of brutal in their treatment of the poor. Still, it may be said, that is hardly cruelty for its own sake; it is simply indifference to suffering, bred of selfish dislike to take any trouble in relieving it. So far the argument holds good, and if it covered all the circumstances of the case there would be little more to be said. But unfortunately it does not. It does not even pierce beneath the surface of ordinary social life, as we are acquainted with it under the conditions of modern civilization. There are other vices, usually considered quite as unnatural as cruelty, of which an equally superficial examination would reveal no trace, but which nevertheless are perfectly well known to be rife among us. Some reserve is always found needful in the indulgence, and still more in the avowal, of propensities which are under the ban of society, and we cannot fairly infer their non-existence from their not being obtruded on our notice. An Englishman's house is his castle, as the saying goes, and he is haughtily intolerant of strangers prying into its secrets. Certainly our modern castles have no dungeons, or *oubliettes*, or other conveniences of the mediæval pattern for coercing or getting rid of troublesome customers. But enough comes to light every now and then to show that a rule of domestic tyranny, not to say domestic cruelty, is by no means so infrequent, even in "the best-regulated families" to all outward seeming, as we might have been disposed to assume. Not to speak of such cases as that of the Eastbourne schoolmaster who got four years' imprisonment for beating a boy to death, there is abundant scope for refined and systematic cruelty without coming under the lash of the law; and there are not wanting instances of fathers, in the same rank of life as Mr. Hopley, testing very similar theories of education—though with a more cautious eye to dangerous consequences—on their own children. What is to be said again of James II.'s enjoyment 'n seeing prisoners' legs crushed in the iron boot? There are undeniably phenomena which it is not easy to explain except by an inherent love of cruelty for its own sake. And of course, if such a passion exists at all, it will be developed, like any other passion, by indulgence.

But, without pressing these considerations, a previous objection may very fairly be raised to staking the issue merely on the average experience of modern society in a civilized and Christian land. There are, as we hinted before, vices which do not now dare to show their faces in public, but which, however justly in one sense we may brand them as unnatural, have notoriously been so prevalent in other ages and other countries that we cannot reasonably deny their connexion with actually existing tastes of a depraved nature. In such cases we are apt to adapt our nomenclature to what we desire rather than to what we know to be true. And for practical purposes it may be wise to do so. Only we must remember that neither our wishes nor our terminology can alter facts. If we look a little more closely into the present question, and put aside as far as possible disturbing causes, whether of moral influence or material restraint, the testimony of experience will not perhaps square so nicely with our preconceived impressions. Let us take, for instance, the case of children, before they have "set the world in their heart," either for good or evil, while they are still comparatively "children of nature," as we phrase it. Would it be true to say that no such thing as an instinctive love of cruelty ever displays itself? Nero is said to have amused himself as a boy with killing flies, and this is often quoted as an early prophecy of his future character, as though killing flies were the natural anticipation of a taste for burning Christians and for matricide. But have we never seen children on a summer afternoon engaged in precisely the same benevolent occupation? Are we, indeed, quite sure that our own tiny fingers were never stained with the *débris* of crushed insects? If they were, we have probably long since forgotten what the enjoyment of the process consisted in, but it is not easy to distinguish it from a pleasure in the infliction of pain. Is it so very uncommon for small children to pinch and scratch their smaller brothers or sisters for the pleasure of hearing them cry? Birds'-nesting cannot be fairly brought under the same condemnation, for the love of adventure and the possession of the eggs constitute the charm of that operation to the schoolboy mind, and the sorrow of the bereft parents is viewed merely with indifference, if not altogether forgotten. But what are we to say of the unamiable proclivities of the juvenile mind in the

matter of stoning cats or gloating over the proverbial agonies of the "expiring frog"? Such perverted tastes, it may be replied, are among the childish things which are put away with advancing years. True, but they are put away in deference to public opinion, represented in the first instance by the rebuke, or more probably the rod, of an enlightened nurserymaid. We outgrow them as the moral sense of the community is increasingly brought home to us. But the existence of a passion is not disproved by the fact that it may be eradicated or coerced. However, we need not confine ourselves to the psychological revelations of the nursery or the schoolyard. Their testimony will be confirmed if we turn to examine the condition of children of larger growth. For the point to be ascertained, be it remembered, is not whether cruelty is not condemned by the intelligence and conscience of mankind, and therefore controlled or kept in the background in proportion as moral restraints supersede the action of brute force, and civilization takes the place of anarchy and barbarism. That nobody denies. The present question is whether cruelty be not, like lust or envy or malice, one of the vicious propensities of human nature. And the more directly we come into contact with nature in its unsophisticated state, and apart from the moral or religious influences which have done so much to transform it in the course of ages and in the countries we are most conversant with, the easier will it be to get at the true solution.

One of the poets of the day, whose genius—warped and one-sided as it is—it would be mere affectation to deny, has contributed something towards an elucidation of the subject. The main and avowed speciality of Mr. Swinburne is to be classical. Pagan deities, Pagan poetry, Pagan morals, and Pagan modes of thought are his delight, and their Christian counterparts his aversion. We are not now inquiring how far he has worked out his ideal successfully. Except in his first poem, *Atalanta*, we think his classicalism is in many respects gravely at fault. What we wish to insist upon here is that, according to the Swinburnian conception of classical poetry and life, its two leading passions are cruelty and lust. This is no doubt most prominently brought out in the poem which in form has least pretence to be classical. The Mary Stuart of *Chastelard* is a voluptuous tigress, combining the fierce lusts of Messalina with the cold-blooded cruelty of Caligula—a kind of psychological monster difficult to conceive of and impossible to exist. But the same idea runs through all Mr. Swinburne's compositions. It is the keynote of the volume of *Poems and Ballads*, which is cast in a classical mould. Now we are very far from saying that the ideal is true to nature, or true to classical models. Sensuality, when left to itself, gravitates more towards an easy *nouveau* good-nature than towards fierceness. And classical sensuality, in its most highly developed and idealized form, as represented in Greek poetry and life, had no tendency to become cruel. It shrank with fastidious loathing from the sight of physical pain, and felt no temptation to inflict it. Mr. Swinburne has wholly misread his Greek models if he thinks he is reproducing their spirit in his sanguinary erotics. But the classical age of Greek poetry, though a period of gross moral corruption, was also a period of high intellectual civilization and refinement. When Rome, in the later days of the Empire, fell under a similar or a deeper moral degradation, and the intellectual life of an earlier period was losing its hold on the nerveless effeminacy of an effete generation of pampered Sybarites, the alternating passions of lust and blood which dominated society were very much what its modern admirer has too faithfully portrayed:—

Then the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath,
Then torments laid hold on the treasure
Of limbs too delicious for death;
When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
When the world was a steed for thy rein;
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
Our Lady of Pain.

The Roman ladies who gazed in an intoxication of sensual delight on the withering limbs of mangled gladiators in the Coliseum—may we not add the Spanish ladies who still gaze with cruel rapture on the ghastly horrors of a bull-fight?—certainly drew their enjoyment, such as it was, from sheer contemplation of intense physical torture. We may call it, if we choose, an acquired taste, but they seemed almost to suck it in with their mothers' milk. And a taste which can be so readily and so completely acquired by a whole population, and that in an age of exquisite material civilization, must have some natural instinct or passion to base itself upon. It would open out a fresh subject of inquiry, and a wider one than we have room to enter upon here, to ask what natural feeling lies at the root of this cruel pleasure in the infliction or contemplation of torture. Is it the sense of security which suggested the *suave mari magno* of the Epicurean poet? Or is it a latent consciousness of superior power, like the proud conviction of a girl of three years old that she can torment her two years old brother into a paroxysm of agonized naughtiness? Or is some subtler influence at work which the psychologist has still to unravel? For the present we must content ourselves with insisting on the fact, without pausing to investigate its causes.

LAMARTINE.

ONE-AND-TWENTY years ago the death of Lamartine would have been an event of European importance. At that time, a week after the beginning of the February Revolution, he was

already considered as the representative of order and moderation among colleagues who held various shades of opinion, from the decorous Republicanism of Marrast and Garnier Pagès to the Jacobinism of Ledru Rollin. The respectable classes of France were thoroughly frightened by a revolution effected by an extem-porized city mob, and organized by an audacious minority chiefly consisting of the writers in two newspapers. It might possibly have been in the power of Lamartine, who, down to the very eve of the Revolution, had never joined the Republican party, to save constitutional government by supporting a regency when the high-spirited Duchess of Orleans took her son to the Chamber of Deputies. In another mood of mind the sentimental and impulsive orator might not have been disinclined to mediate between the Republic and the Monarchy; but he had lately written a romantic history or eulogy of the great Revolution, and at the moment it pleased him better to be a Republican leader than to become the protector and representative of an infant prince. If he had maintained the Orleans family on the throne, a responsible or free Constitution might perhaps have taken permanent root. It was in consequence of Lamartine's decision that the country was frightened into the acceptance, three years later, of the Imperial system against which educated Frenchmen struggle in vain. The temporary supremacy of the rabble was odious to all other classes of the community; but after the collapse of Parliamentary government the only alternative was to rely on the peasantry, who preferred an absolute ruler to an Assembly. During the anarchy which followed the flight of the King, respectable Frenchmen who had long associated the Republic with the Reign of Terror were to some extent reassured by the presence in the Provisional Government of an accomplished gentleman who had been a supporter of Royalty and a champion of the Church. The Opposition to Guizot had included Legitimists like Berryer, and dynastic Liberals such as Thiers and Berryer, as well as the Republicans of the *National* and *Reform*, who ultimately made their moderate allies the instruments of their own unexpected triumph. Lamartine's eloquence had been employed in the promotion of the common cause; but his admirers scarcely understood, as he had perhaps himself never decided, which of many factions had attracted his sympathy. The part which he had taken in the establishment of the Republic was imperfectly known, and it was justly assumed that his instincts and sympathies would be opposed to the coarse violence of his more dangerous associates. Although he was but imperfectly trusted by his Jacobinical colleagues, he had given recent pledges to the Revolution; and in the Provisional Government itself there was a moderate party which needed a leader. Among the nine or ten bold adventurers who had appointed themselves to exercise supreme power, Lamartine alone possessed any considerable personal distinction. Louis Blanc, then a young man, had never shamed in public life, except as a journalist; and of the other members of the Government not one rose above mediocrity. Lamartine also derived great power from the confidence of the defeated party, which, as it afterwards appeared, formed the great majority of the population. While the Republicans were flattered by the accession of their brilliant convert, the bulk of the community regarded him as the sole representative in the Government of their interests and opinions.

The hopes of those who trusted to Lamartine were partially justified by his subsequent conduct; and where performance fell short of expectation, prophecy, according to a well-known mythological law, has converted itself into history. For two or three months he floated on the surface of the popular tide, and sometimes he checked by an eloquent appeal the noisy violence of the mob. The common tradition that he saved France from Jacobinism is almost wholly fabulous. On one occasion he pacified a blatant mob which demanded a change of the national colours, by informing them, with doubtful accuracy, that the red flag had only been connected with the massacres of Paris, while the tricolour had made the victorious circuit of Europe. If his authority as a historian is sufficient to discredit his sincerity as an orator, he was in the habit of calming the people with solemn assurances entirely opposite to his practical intentions. In his characteristic history of the Revolution and of himself, he quotes at great length a speech in which he deprecated the injurious suspicion that the Provisional Government meditated the employment of the army to coerce the people. It was impossible, he declared, that a Government issuing from the victory of the people over the soldiery of Bugeaud should disgrace itself by relying on military force against the founders of its power. Having satisfactorily illustrated his own eloquence, the historian in the following pages proves his statesmanlike sagacity by the statement that he was at the time concentrating a large force in the Northern departments, with the purpose of throwing himself and his colleagues on the protection of the army, if the people of Paris proved themselves too insubordinate. Those who are acquainted with Lamartine's habitual use of language will believe either assertion according to their estimate of its comparative probability; or, by a judicious compromise, they may still more confidently infer that when he addressed the people he had neither renounced the thought of employing military force, nor made any definite arrangement for restoring order with the aid of the army.

When it was found that the dread Provisional Government practised neither murder nor confiscation, reviving confidence took the form of unqualified gratitude to the only Minister who was known to disapprove of the precedents of 1793. The most prudent act of the Government had been the formation of the so-called Move-

able Guard, which, absorbing into its ranks the young ruffians and reprobates who had made the Revolution, turned their energies into a regular and useful channel. In after years many of the street rioters distinguished themselves as gallant soldiers in Africa and in the Crimea, and in the meantime they not only abstained from mischief, but were ready at the word of command to shoot any troublesome person who might follow their own recent example. There was, nevertheless, much cause for the alarm which was afterwards justified by the terrible insurrection of June. Large numbers of workmen were maintained almost in idleness at the public expense, and although Louis Blanc always denounced the national workshops, he loudly promulgated equally impracticable and perilous devices of socialism. Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, sent Commissioners to manage the elections in the Departments, with instructions drawn, according to common rumour, by Madame Dudevant, which recalled the memory of the famous emissaries of the Convention. Lamartine and his more moderate colleagues deserve credit for convoking the Constituent Assembly, against the wish of Louis Blanc, who desired to prolong the provisional dictatorship until the country was educated into Republicanism. A dozen electoral divisions returned Lamartine to the Assembly; and when it met, he was designated by common consent as its leader, and as the chief of the future Government. His administration of the Foreign Office derived a factitious lustre from his personal popularity, and he was supposed to have maintained peace, which had in truth never been endangered. The English Government had, in accordance with its habitual policy, accepted the Revolution as a fact; and the sovereigns of the Continent were trembling for the security of thrones which had been rudely shaken. If Lamartine had been an original and resolute statesman, he might have anticipated Napoleon III. by seconding the heroic adventure of Charles Albert, who had pushed the Austrians from Lombardy into the territory of Venice. The French Minister received coldly the overtures of the Piedmontese agents, only hinting that it might be possible to purchase the French alliance by the surrender of Savoy. His more daring successor in power may boast that, if he made a bargain with Italy, he performed the stipulated service before he demanded the price. A foreign policy at once tortuous and timid did nothing to redeem the domestic blunder which precipitated Lamartine for ever from the summit to which he had been casually lifted.

When the Provisional Government resigned its functions into the hands of the Assembly, the moderate majority determined to exclude the extreme Republicans from the Executive Commission which was to administer the Government. By common consent Lamartine was chosen as the principal member of the Commission: but with incredible perversity he refused to accept office unless the obnoxious name of Ledru Rollin were added to the list. The Assembly unwillingly acquiesced; but from that moment it withdrew all confidence from Lamartine, and the entire nation shared its change of opinion. The Republic and its founders were discredited by the scandalous riot of May, when Louis Blanc was carried on the shoulders of the mob into the Assembly; and the helplessness of the Government, and perhaps the complicity of one of its members, were reflected in the desperate civil war which raged for two or three days in the midst of Paris. When the insurrection of June was at last repressed, the inglorious career of the Government was summarily terminated, and Lamartine subsided for the rest of his life into a not unpitied obscurity. His biography, as far as it is a portion of history, begins and ends with the first three or four months of the ill-starred Republic. Before it was founded he was only an accomplished declaimer; and after June, 1848, he exercised no greater influence in France than the humblest elector. It is more surprising that he should have retained a legendary reputation than that his political importance should have wholly collapsed.

The conclusive judgment of competent French critics confirms Lamartine's title to the character of a poet, nor has a certain morbid languor of tone prevented him from securing many foreign admirers. No reader of the *History of the Girondists* can doubt his literary genius, which, like the kindred muse of Chateaubriand, was better suited to romance than to history. In composing his brilliant narrative he is so utterly indifferent to truth that he sometimes describes in ample detail events which, if they ever occurred, can by no possibility have been known. It is scarcely credible that he should have heard that Rouget de L'Isle, author of the bloodthirsty and bad verse which have been set to the national air, was everywhere pursued in his flight from the guillotine by the sound of the *Marseillaise*. It is impossible that any historian can know the details of the last hours of Pétion and Barbaroux, before they perished in their solitude by starvation, or by the attacks of wolves. In far more important matters Lamartine's authority is absolutely worthless, as when, in an account of the battle of Waterloo, he kills eight horses under the Duke of Wellington, and makes the Highlanders rip up the horses of the French cuirassiers with their national weapon, the *claymore*. Even in recording his own experience he is not less indifferent to fact. Many statements in his history of the Revolution of 1848 are positively contradicted by Louis Blanc, who is both a practised historian and a man of honour. Probably it was in matters relating to himself that Lamartine was most thoroughly incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. His vanity was marvellous in its extent and in its candour. In the account of his travels in the East he relates how Lady Hester Stanhope deduced from the beauty of his arched instep, which to uninspired observers seemed prosaically flat, the pro-

phesy that he would be the first man in France. In a later work, writing of himself in the third person, he describes his own face and figure with complacent admiration; and his history of the revolution in which he took part is almost exclusively occupied with his own speeches and intentions. Although he was not considered orthodox, he declares that "M. de Lamartine had been created religious as the air is created transparent." "The political principles of Lamartine were those of the eternal truth of which the Gospel is a page." "His sole apostle was Liberty." It is true that he had a genuine love for liberty, and that he consistently denounced both Imperial tyranny and Jacobinical violence. The tenderness for Robespierre which he exhibits in the *History of the Girondists* proceeds from the interest of an artist in the central figure of his composition rather than from any tendency to sympathy with the pedantic and sentimental forms of murder. In personal appearance Lamartine bore some resemblance to Wordsworth, though his face was less rugged and weather-beaten. In looks and manner he might have been mistaken for an Englishman, especially as he spoke the language with correctness and fluency. His genius and temperament were essentially and entirely French; and his place in literature has been most fitly determined by the judgment of his countrymen.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

THE unpleasant topic of which we are about to speak deserves notice, in spite of its unpleasantness, if only on account of its admirable exemplification of two great English principles—the principle of leaving everything alone, and the principle of preserving delicacy of language, even at the price of morality or of the national health. It is known to every one that one of the most fearful of known diseases—whose effects are specially distressing, not only to the sufferer, but to his descendants—is being constantly spread throughout the population. The most distinguished surgeons declare that it is hardly possible to speak too strongly of its disastrous consequences, and the returns from our army and navy show how seriously it affects the national resources. If such a disease had afflicted our cattle, the House of Commons would have postponed every measure of internal reform till it had dealt rigorously with the case. As it only affects the health of our soldiers and sailors, and of many thousands of innocent persons throughout the country, and as it is not exactly a subject for general conversation, nor even for more than occasional newspaper articles, Government can only approach it in the most cautious and tentative manner. Moreover, our extreme regard for the liberty of the subject is such, that we prefer that people should be permitted to go about freely spreading disease and death to this and future generations rather than that anything savouring in the slightest degree of coercion should be applied. Even now this theory is accepted as generally accurate. In the one case, however, of our military forces it is admitted by the most bigoted constitutional jurists that society which keeps men in an artificial state of life may also protect them from the ensuing consequences. We should not ourselves think it necessary to prove that society must have made a bargain with some fraction of itself before it can venture to stamp out an infectious disease, and to justify, for example, proper precautions against cholera or yellow fever, by establishing some special claim on the part of the population affected. The attempt to check contagious diseases of all kinds is surely amongst the most legitimate objects of legislation. However, we will not quarrel with the process by which even the most scrupulous sticklers for the propriety of leaving things alone, and saying nothing about anything, have convinced themselves that in the case of the army and navy certain precautions are permissible. This very qualified and guarded admission of the principle led to the passing of the Act of 1866, and the experience already gained shows decisively that the evils in question may be reduced to far more manageable dimensions. The same experience shows with equal distinctness that by observing certain conditions we may obtain still better results. A blue-book which was published last Session contains full evidence upon these points. We will shortly mention some of the facts upon which these conclusions are grounded, and may then confidently assume that the burden of proof lies upon those who would oppose the careful extension of the precautionary measures by which this terrible evil has been already perceptibly reduced.

The first point is, that wherever the Act has been put in force the results have been distinctly favourable. At Aldershot, for example, the number of cases was reduced by one-third in the space of two months from the first introduction of the measure. At Plymouth, in the course of four years, there was a progressive diminution amongst the seamen from 270 to 156 cases. Similar results have been observed elsewhere; and not only has the number of cases, but the intensity of disease in each case, perceptibly diminished. It is obvious, however, that in such places as Plymouth or Aldershot the experiment is tried under very unfavourable conditions, for the simple reason that the influx of fresh troops from unprotected districts is constantly renewing the danger. It is manifestly hopeless to stamp out a contagious disease by selecting only two or three places in the midst of the country, without being able to draw a cordon round them. In accordance with this we find that the success in certain places where there are greater natural opportunities has been far more decisively marked. In Malta, for example, we find from Sir Henry Storks' evidence that the disease has been reduced to a mini-

mum, and that lately, in a garrison of 6,000 men, there were only eight cases. At Sheerness, the only place in England where the Act has been thoroughly put in force, the Committee of the House of Lords tells us that "the disease is now almost obliterated." Encouraged by these successes, Government is carrying out similar measures in Hong Kong, Ceylon, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and elsewhere. A striking confirmation of these results may be found from foreign experience. It is enough to mention two facts. The loss from illness in the English army amounted in 1866 to more than seven days' service of the whole force; in 1868, the imperfect application of the Act had reduced this loss to less than six days. In the French army, at the same time, the loss was only three days. A more startling fact is that, during the year 1860, one in four of the Foot Guards in London was affected, whilst at the same time only one in fifty-six of the troops in Brussels suffered from the same cause. In other words, it is perfectly clear that the disease can be restrained wherever proper precautionary measures are taken, and that the success is in proportion to the completeness with which the protected district can be isolated.

Another point which deserves particular notice is the facility with which the Act has been worked—owing no doubt, in great part, to the discretion shown in its introduction by the police authorities. There is a mass of ignorant prejudice which might easily be alarmed into indiscriminate opposition by anything which, however unfairly, could be construed into oppression; and for every reason it is desirable that the unfortunate classes affected should submit without reluctance to the working of the measure. As a matter of fact, it seems that everything has gone on more smoothly than could have been anticipated. The authorities unanimously agree that there has been no perceptible reluctance amongst the female patients to be retained in hospital until they have been cured. The adoption of the French system of registration would be out of the question in the present state of public opinion, and it is at least very doubtful whether it is not really open to many serious objections, which we need not at present discuss. It is important that it should be understood that the purpose of the Act is simply the suppression of disease, and that no one is more directly benefited by its working than the patients. Mr. Romaine, the Secretary to the Admiralty, informs us that there "has never been any difficulty, or any scandal of any kind in any place." He thinks that the women "now understand the working of the Act, so far that they consider the doctors and others who look after them as their best friends." Indeed, so long as due discretion is shown, there can be no reason why any persons should object to being cared for at the public expense until they are relieved from a terrible disease. The treatment, moreover, is favourable to morality from a higher point of view. Dr. Barr, the surgeon at Aldershot, states that there is a marked improvement in decency of behaviour of the unfortunate class admitted to the hospitals. Some of the women have been able to support themselves by honest industry after their discharge. A considerable proportion have been returned to their friends, or induced to enter reformatories, and this fact is by itself an answer to those who object to what they call public recognition of vice. Its existence is certainly admitted to be a fact; and we may add that it is a fact which there is not much apparent sense in ignoring; but the tendency of the measure is to diminish, not merely the consequences of the vice, but its extent.

The undoubted results thus far obtained are satisfactory; but they show conclusively that, in order to obtain any important improvement, the Act must be extended. Not only has it been willingly accepted in military stations, but the inhabitants of many important towns, such as Bath, Newcastle, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Exeter, and others, have shown themselves favourable to its introduction. Some facts are alleged, which are well worth consideration, to show that it might be applied even to London with much greater facility than is generally supposed. It is indeed equally obvious that it should only be introduced gradually, and with every precaution necessary to secure the co-operation and approval of the inhabitants. There would of course be a certain expense to be incurred in providing hospital accommodation, although the diminution of the disease would, it is to be hoped, lead to the ultimate diminution of the expense. One of the worst results of the present system, or absence of system, is that, from the want of any adequate accommodation, the diseased persons are forced to continue at large, spreading disease amongst the population. The general nature of the scheme which seems best to meet these conditions will probably be that suggested by the Lords' Committee. The Government should have power to extend the Act, first, to all naval and military stations; and, secondly, to any place the inhabitants of which apply to be included, and can give proof that they have adequate hospital accommodation, and sufficient means of providing for the religious and moral supervision of the inmates. A measure embodying these principles would, we imagine, have the general consent of all sensible men; and it is to be hoped that the unsavoury nature of the subject will not prevent its being efficiently supported.

One other point of great importance may be noticed. The Admiralty have ordered that sailors shall be carefully inspected on arriving at a port, before the crew is allowed ashore. The necessity of this regulation is obvious, and it is at least equally obvious that a similar measure is required for the mercantile marine. Till now, by that curious felicity which sometimes distinguishes our laws, the masters of ships, whilst generally bound to provide their men with medical attendance in cases of illness, have been allowed,

in this special class of contagious diseases, to turn them adrift in the port. The consequence is that, as a French physician tells us, a "frightful mass of contagion" is annually imported, and he suggests the propriety of some kind of international arrangement on the subject. The French complain, we are told, that our sailors, as coming from a country where there is no regulation, introduce the greatest quantity of disease into France. The importance of this subject is so obvious, that we hope it will not be overlooked in any measure which may be introduced by Government.

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE Duke of Argyll's Scotch Education Bill is now before the country, and it may be safely pronounced to be an excellent one. The leading propositions contained in it are simple enough. They are, in the main, nothing but an extension of the principles which have guided Scotch education since the Reformation. These principles, stated shortly, are—compulsory rating, local and central supervision, and inspection. Upon these John Knox founded the parochial system which lasted till the disruption of the Kirk in 1843. The rating was in the early time confined to land which yielded a large annual rent, and was applicable to the support of only one school in each parish. The local supervision was exercised by the parochial minister. The inspection was conducted by members of each Presbytery, composed of the ministers of the neighbouring parishes. And the central authority was vested in the General Assembly of the Kirk, to which detailed reports upon the schools were presented by the different Presbyteries throughout Scotland. Since the disruption, this organization has broken down. For a quarter of a century Scotland has been subjected to disquietude through contending denominations, and the Scotch, being an orderly people and more interested in the well-being of their families than in the rivalries of their clergy, are heartily tired of the present state of things. The Government measure therefore proposes to relieve the Churches of the burden of education, and to place the management of all the schools in the country in the hands of a representative Central Board. The principle of compulsory rating is no longer to be confined to the rich landowners, but will be extended to all ratepayers. A committee of ratepayers will be formed in each parish or burgh, and this committee will appoint the teachers and attend to the local wants of the school. The inspection of the schools will remain with the Committee of Council, but will be extended to every school in the country, and certain modifications will be introduced into the Revised Code, so as to render it more applicable than it is at present to the peculiarities of Scotch education. These are the main principles of the new Bill. It is obvious that there is nothing very revolutionary in them. Whatever may be thought of them here, they have been recognised and acted on in Scotland for nearly three centuries.

But though there is nothing revolutionary in the measure, the effect of it on Scotch education, if carried out into law and well administered, it is difficult to exaggerate. There are at present in Scotland something like 5,000 elementary schools of one kind or another. Of these 5,000 schools, rather more than a third are under official inspection, and rather less than a half are efficiently conducted. But many of the latter class are placed by denominational zeal where they are not wanted, and there are miles and miles of country, and streets and streets of thickly-populated towns, without a good school of any kind. Hence only a small proportion of children of school age is sufficiently educated, and in a population of three millions of people, there are nearly a hundred thousand children at no school whatever. It will be the first duty of the new Board to remedy these evils, to see that there are schools wherever they are wanted, to discourage those that are unnecessary, and to ascertain that all are satisfactorily conducted. The Board will thus at once come to operate upon something like 3,000 schools. This will keep it in employment for some years to come; and five or six years hence, if the measure is well worked, the number of schools doing efficient service in Scotland will be more than doubled, and the whole school population without exception will be attending good schools. This will of itself produce something like an educational revolution in the country.

The Board, however, will have difficult and delicate duties to perform before this ideal state of things is reached. The foundation of new schools in districts at present unprovided with them is a simple matter. Evidence is produced that a school is wanted in such a locality, and the Board proceeds to order the formation of a School Committee. This Committee imposes a "school assessment" upon the locality, receives a proportional grant from the Committee of Council, builds or buys its school under the approval of the Board, selects its schoolmaster out of a body of competent teachers, whereof a register is kept by the Board, pays him his salary out of the assessment, and there is an end of the matter. After that, it is the duty of the Board and the Committee of Council, through Her Majesty's Inspectors, to see that the school is kept efficient. In Scotland it is unlikely that the Board will experience much difficulty in establishing such new schools as are required. In England it might be otherwise; but the Scotch peasantry and the village populations value education, and the parsons and magnates of the land are fully aware of this. And whether they like the new scheme or not, they must accept it, feeling the influence of popular impulse from below.

But the settlement of the new schools is only part of the duties of the Board. There are, as we have said, some 2,000 schools in

Scotland doing efficient work, and with them the real difficulties of the Board begin. Of these some 800 represent the old parochial schools, and the remainder consists chiefly of schools connected with some one or other of the contending denominations. "The Scotch nation," it has been well said lately, by one who knows his countrymen, "is tenacious—it is not intolerant." This is true of the Scotch nation, but not of the Scotch ecclesiastic. He is both tenacious and intolerant, and when the Board comes to deal with him in his capacity of school manager, it will find him as prejudiced as any English rector, and more vigorous. Power is given in the Bill for the gradual adoption and absorption of all existing denominational schools into the national system, and it lies with the present school managers to propose, and with the Board to accept or refuse the proposal for adoption. In most cases it is probable that the Board would accept the proposal, but not in all. In some parishes, for instance, there may be two rival denominational schools within a hundred yards of each other, doing precisely the same work, and doing it well. But one school is adequate for the wants of the population. Both wish to be adopted, and a choice must be made. Here the Scotch divine will have full scope for the development of his tenacity and intolerance, and it is impossible that the action of the Board in such a case can be satisfactory to the divines of both the denominations. This is only one instance of the difficulties before the Board, but it is sufficient to show the kind of responsibility it will have to discharge. It is obvious from this that the strictest and most judicial impartiality will be demanded from the functionaries composing the Board, and that any suspicion of a leaning towards one denomination or another would be fatal to the institution.

And this leads to the question of the religious difficulty in Scotland, and how the Bill proposes to solve it. The solution of the problem is very simple. It is like the snakes in Ireland. There is no religious difficulty. "Scotch parents," as the Duke of Argyll said, "don't care a halfpenny to what religious body schools may belong, but send their children to the best master, whether it is an Established Church School, a Free Church, or a United Presbyterian." Hence the Bill takes no notice of the religious teaching in the schools, beyond the provision of a very strict conscience clause. Denominational inspection, which has done much harm in Scotland by multiplying unnecessary schools, by causing unnecessary expenditure of public money, and by producing a want of uniformity of inspection, almost to the extent of raising suspicion of unfairness, is to cease for ever. For the future the inspectors are to take no cognizance of religious instruction, unless the school managers desire such cognizance to be taken. This clause will probably give rise to opposition, and the old worn-out cry will be raised, that there is no guarantee for the religious education of the people. But this can easily be answered. In the first place, it may be shown from the Commissioners' Report that religious instruction is just as well given in subscription schools, and others unconnected with any denomination, as it is in those that are under the superintendence of the churches. In the second, we may expect with confidence that the ratepayers will be as desirous of having their children instructed in religion as the parsons now are of attending to the spiritual wants of their parishioners. On the ground therefore of the so-called religious difficulty there is no danger of formidable opposition.

And indeed it seems improbable that the Bill will be seriously opposed on any ground. It has the sanction of a large body of Commissioners, eighteen in number, selected from all political and religious parties in Scotland. It has been before the public for more than a couple of years as a draft Bill appended to the Commissioners' Report, and as such has been subjected to the rigid criticism of everyone who takes any interest in the subject, and it has come well out of that criticism. A few alterations in detail have been made, but the principles of the draft Bill are retained, and, so far as we can judge, the measure has been accepted in Scotland, and received with acclamation even by the Tory newspapers in this country. It is therefore difficult to see from what quarter any opposition can arise. The English clergy may look upon it as an experiment on a worthless subject, and they may fear that compulsory rating in Scotland will lead to compulsory rating in England. But the Scotch have had compulsory rating for three hundred years without affecting us, and we have not yet got within sight of permissive rating. The introduction of undenominational inspection into the Privy Council system is, no doubt, an innovation which the English clergy may look on with anxiety. But the Scotch people may possibly, and very reasonably, claim to relieve their anxiety by taking the matter of inspection into their own hands, and by insisting on a still further severance from the Committee of Council than the Bill contemplates. But that is a matter upon which it is unnecessary to say more at present.

MR. EDWARDSS DISMISSAL.

THE country has been deprived of the services of one of its greatest, and therefore least appreciated, men. The Court of Bankruptcy loses an official assignee, Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, and one more skilled in the theory and practice of the great art of insolvency could not have been found for the post. *Quique in sua arte credendum*; and the man who helped the business of Overend and Gurney to ruin, and whose function it

[March 6, 1869.]

was at once to stave off bankruptcies and to compass them, was, one would have thought, the square man in the square hole, or the crooked man in the crooked hole; anyhow, he was the man for the place. It is not, however, on his suitableness for his post, or on the suitableness of his post for him, that Mr. Edwards's services have been dispensed with by the Chancellor, but upon a ground purely technical and formal. Lord Hatherley, in his order of dismissal, very slightly, and we must say with but scanty and almost contemptuous indifference, refers to Mr. Edwards's character and accomplishments. Mr. Edwards is dismissed because he happens for a long time to have acted in direct violation of a very plain and intelligible order of the Court, and in contempt of law. When Mr. Edwards became official assignee, or at any rate during his tenure of office, an order of Court was made in 1852, expressed in very clear language:—

"No Official Assignee shall either directly or indirectly carry on any trade or business, or hold or be engaged in any office or employment other than his office of Official Assignee."

Whether Mr. Edwards ever at any time obeyed this order is not plain; but as he himself admits, when the Bankruptcy Act of 1861 was passed, or rather in contemplation of its being passed, he "determined," to use his own explicit words, "to make an effort to increase his general income" by doing the very thing which the order of Court of 1852 prohibited. The Act of 1861 was about to commute the fees by which the official assignees had been hitherto paid into a fixed salary of 1,500*l.* per annum. This arrangement, Mr. Edwards says, "would seriously affect his income." *Rem, quocunque modo rem;* the first thing present to Mr. Edwards's mind was Mr. Edwards's shrinking income; the last thing was the law. So Mr. Edwards "determined to increase his income," and accordingly took suit and service with Overend and Gurney. This, says Mr. Edwards, was no secret; everybody knew it; and therefore, as it was public, it could not be wrong. Moreover, if it was contrary to the letter of the law and the order of the Court, no less a person than the Chancellor of the day (who was "the then Lord Chancellor" of the day, namely, 25th January 1864? perhaps some obscure annals may be found to reveal this piece of information), to whom Mr. Edwards's connexion with Overend and Gurney was made known, "must have been satisfied on the subject."

And here we are bound in justice to say that Mr. Edwards makes out his case, so far at least as this is concerned, that "the then Lord Chancellor" of January 1864 at least condoned, and to some extent excused, and therefore justified, Mr. Edwards's extra-official engagements and income. "The then Lord Chancellor," like this pleasant month of March, came like a lion into the matter, and went out of it not at all in leonine fashion. When the matter was brought before him by the report of certain public proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court, his Lordship writes in the gravest and strongest language:—"The Lord Chancellor requests that Mr. Holroyd will in open Court make strict inquiry of Mr. Edwards whether or not he is an agent for the house of Overend and Co. If this charge is well founded, dismissal must follow." The inquiry in open Court does not seem to have taken place; the Chancellor's letter was shown to Mr. Edwards, and, in reply, Mr. Edwards admitted that he had, as aforesaid, "determined to increase his income" and to undertake arbitrations, &c. for Overend and Gurney. The result was—why of course the result was that, as Mr. Edwards bravely and honestly admitted his defiance and contempt of the law, the threatened and unavoidable dismissal followed. No such thing; the Chancellor's letter was withdrawn, and Mr. Edwards continued from that time to this to ply the two strings, or rather some twenty strings, to his bow, of which his official assigneeship was the least. Mr. Edwards justifies this course, and says that "the then Lord Chancellor" accepted practically his justification, and moreover his interpretation of the rule of Court. "I consider the rule was limited to office hours, and that I was not precluded from taking any such employment as did not interfere with my hours or official duties. And I submit that that must have been the opinion of the Lord Chancellor in 1864; for after I stated my view, and it was matter of public notoriety and discussion that I had been engaged on behalf of Overend and Gurney, and in the transaction as to which the then Lord Chancellor called on me for explanation, I never received any reprimand or admonition from him or any one else, nor any intimation that I was wrong, or that I was not at liberty to act as I had acted."

This is fair enough and true enough. It does not justify Mr. Edwards's violation of the law, or make his conduct less culpable, or make his very unnatural interpretation of the rule of Court a bit the more trustworthy, to show, as he does, that he openly announced his determination to defy the law, and that he was quite able to misrepresent and misinterpret and wrest the plain sense of the plainest words; but it is something for him to show that, by silence at least, "the then Lord Chancellor" agreed with, or did not show that he disagreed with, this ingenious, but not very ingenuous, reading of the rule of Court. It is a justification of Mr. Edwards—we ask his pardon for the parallel—much akin to that of which the presiding genius of the Judge and Jury Club lately availed himself, and successfully, when he said that the police were quite aware of his, and of his great predecessor Chief Baron Nicholson's, funny ways and sayings, and never interfered with them. Let Mr. Edwards, therefore, have the moral benefit, as he has had the immoral profit, of those five years during which Justice kept the bandage over her eyes closed, and winked at Mr. Edwards and his little extra-official employ-

ment. What Mr. Edwards may reasonably complain of is the hardness and technicality and austere literal-mindedness of the now Lord Chancellor of 1869, as contrasted with the pleasant, loose, and elastic laws of interpretation accepted by "the then Lord Chancellor" of 1864. What concerns us is, however, not Mr. Edwards's sorrows, but this unpleasant contrast between these two occupants of what Lord Campbell was pleased to call the marble chair. Lord Hatherley seems to be made of stuff hard as his seat; and if the "then Lord Chancellor" was right in his connivance at Mr. Edwards's reading of the rule of Court, it seems to stand to reason that Lord Hatherley is wrong. And of course *vice versa*; if the one is only properly strict, the other was too lax. But here we pause. To attempt a contrast or comparison between two Lord Chancellors, and to say which has certainly forgotten his duties, is not pleasant work to undertake, nor does it tend to edification. To prove that a Lord Chancellor at any time shared in Mr. Edwards's very peculiar notions about duty, official or personal, and therefore is *pro tanto* indirectly responsible for not a little of the scandal which has attended Mr. Edwards's acting out of his principles, would do no good.

Be this, however, as it may, our immediate business is with the victim of hard-hearted Lord Hatherley's inability to misunderstand or misread the order of Court. Lord Hatherley, indeed, adds to the injury done to Mr. Edwards by dismissing him the insult of saying that substantially he does not believe a word he says or said in his famous interpretation of the rule of Court restricting its effect to office hours. "Mr. Edwards," says our present prosaic matter-of-fact Chancellor, "must be well aware that the object of the 122nd rule was to secure the entire time and services of the official assignee"—which is the exact thing that Mr. Edwards says he never was aware of. And, with something like an ugly pleasure, the Chancellor goes on to turn Mr. Edwards's flank, and to convict him of an awkward inconsistency, into which, like all other clever men, he has been betrayed by his superhuman cleverness. "I took the Overend agency because it did not interfere with office hours, or with my devotion to my official assigneeship"; and Mr. Edwards might have added, he also took a seat at the Boards of the Crystal Palace Railway Junction, of the famous London, Chatham, and Dover, of the Windsor and Greenwich Hotels, of the Enamelled Iron, of the Metropolitan Extension, of the General Irrigation of France, Companies. He undertook each and all of these offices, because to take them was not inconsistent with the order "not to hold or be engaged in any office or employment other than his office of official assignee." And, moreover, he took them because they did not interfere with his official usefulness or diligence, or with the proper discharge of his duties; which honest boast the Lord Chancellor, not without slyness, contrasts with the parallel statement, dropped by misadventure on Mr. Edwards's part, that the services which he rendered to Overend and Gurney alone, though only extending over one year, had entailed "ceaseless anxiety and never-ending hard work, mentally and physically," or, as he elsewhere puts it, work "constantly occupying him till midnight, and all after he had done the ordinary day's work which is sufficient for most men." What Mr. Edwards had to plead, and did plead, on the one hand, was that his extra-official work was so heavy and tremendous that the result was his "broken health, which sufficiently tells the tale of his ceaseless labour." On the other hand, that this severe work was a mere trifle not worth mentioning, just an amusement and bagatelle for the spare time which hung heavy on his hands. What the Lord Chancellor has felt is, that the Buckingham of finance, agency, and directorship—

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but Lombard Street's epitome—

is by far too energetic, too capable, too smart, for such jog-trot work as that of an official assignee from ten to four. Let Mr. Edwards take heart. A successful and lucrative future is still within his grasp. In London such as it is, the London of financing and Company-hatching, such gifts as his will command a market. The little cabin'd, cribbed, confined Paradise of Basinghall Street is, to be sure, shut against him; but a larger world is all before him, and Providence—or something else which has guided him hitherto—will be his guide. Basinghall Street may once more witness his triumphs and re-echo his famous name.

LORD GOUGH.

THE military career of Lord Gough began as far back as 1794. After fourteen years of active and varied service he had become Major of the 87th Regiment, and went with it to Spain in 1809. He commanded this regiment with great distinction at the battle of Talavera. Early in 1811 Massena lay with a great army before the British lines which defended Lisbon, unable to attack and unwilling to retreat, while Soult, who commanded in Andalusia, had marched towards the frontier of Portugal with a view, which he afterwards abandoned, of co-operating with his brother Marshal. He left Victor in command of that part of his army which was besieging Cadiz, and an Anglo-Spanish force, profiting by Soult's absence, attempted to raise the siege by landing at Tavira, and taking the French lines in reverse. The English portion of the combined force which undertook this enterprise was commanded by Sir Thomas Graham, afterwards Lord Lyne doch, and one of the regiments employed in it was the 87th. The Spaniards were more numerous than the English, and their

General held chief command. He so managed matters that, when Victor marched from his lines to attack him, he allowed his adversary to occupy the height of Barrosa, which was the key of the allied position. Graham, who had a general's eye and mind, saw the danger and devised the remedy at the same moment. The great military historian Jomini says that Graham "attacked with impetuosity the French columns, which, astonished at so much vigour, fell back"; and he adds that this combat did much honour to the English General and his infantry. English historians tell how Major Gough led the 87th Regiment in a charge in which it captured a French eagle, and they claim for their countrymen a victory which Spanish apathy left unimproved. The siege of Cadiz was not raised, but the moral effect of the battle was highly important. It showed that our infantry, led by officers like Gough, were irresistible by the French. Later in the same year the British took possession of Tarifa, an ancient town, surrounded by an old wall, without ditch or outworks, seated on the extreme southern point of Spain facing Africa. Its situation checked the coast traffic by which the French army besieging Cadiz obtained supplies, and Soult determined to take it from the allies. With infinite labour siege-artillery was brought against the place, and was used with such effect that the English and Spanish commanders began to think of abandoning the defence. But Major Gough of the 87th thought only of holding the place to the last, and he was supported by an engineer officer, and by a naval captain who assisted with his ship and crew in the defence. The town of Tarifa is cut in two by a watercourse down which flows periodically a torrent, and the entrance which would be thus afforded into the town was barred by a tower, with a portcullis, in front of which were palisades. Down this torrent-bed marched a French column of assault, while behind the portcullis, Gough, at the head of his regiment, awaited them. The assault was repulsed with heavy loss, and the besiegers, depressed by failure and suffering in health from exposure to floods of rain, were compelled to abandon their enterprise, and leave Tarifa to the English who had held it so tenaciously. We believe that Lord Gough was the last survivor of the officers to whom the honour of this defence belonged. The siege was pressed with great determination by Soult's lieutenant, Victor, and any faltering among the defenders would have given him the place. But Gough was not the man to falter. There have been many more skilful officers than he, but no officer ever surpassed him in that resolution which made any force that he commanded certain to do in some way the work entrusted to it. The assault on Tarifa was received on the last day of 1811. The next conspicuous service of Gough was at the battle of Vittoria, which was fought on the longest day of 1813. Wellington, moving from the frontier of Portugal, threatened the French communications with their own country, and obliged them to retreat northwards from Madrid. At Vittoria, which lies on the road from Madrid to Bayonne, the French army made a stand, to cover the enormous train of baggage which it was carrying into France. The combined attack of the English on three sides of the position of Vittoria was successful, and the French army was not only defeated, but overthrown and ruined. The 87th Regiment, under Gough, played an important part in this great battle, and the baton of the French Marshal Jourdan was among the spoil taken by them upon this field. In the battle of La Nivelle, which opened the road to France, Gough was severely wounded. From the end of 1813 he saw no more of war until 1841, when he went as a general to China.

Whatever may be thought of the military capacity of Lord Gough, we cannot but admire the good fortune which gave him chief command in several of the most memorable battles which have been fought by English armies. He counted seventy-five years of service, and the experience which is gained by directing the movements of great armies in the field of war was possessed, we may almost say, by him alone among the servants of the British Crown. He was at the head of the land force employed against China in 1841, and, as Commander-in-Chief in India, he earned the title of Conqueror of the Punjab, by which the French saluted him when he went to the Crimea to invest their Generals with the insignia of the Bath. In 1843 he defeated the formidable Mahratta host in Gwalior, and in 1845 and following years he fought four great battles, besides smaller actions, with the Sikhs, and finally broke the power of the most warlike and best disciplined army that was ever arrayed against British authority in India. The memory of these fierce struggles has faded by the lapse of twenty years, and the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny have supplied newer themes for the poet and the orator. But still the names of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, Goojerat, have only to be mentioned to recall the sensations of a time when the agony of suspense excited by the news of dubious and bloody conflicts on the Sutlej gave way to rapturous exultation at the news which followed of victory, triumph, and revenge. The British empire in India rocked to its foundation on the night when Lords Gough and Hardinge lay down among their troops under the fire of the Sikh artillery, and hardly hoped for more upon the morrow than to die with honour upon the ground they held. From that field they might advance to unexampled power and prosperity, but irretrievable ruin must attend upon retreat. After the death of Ranjeet Singh his fierce soldiery acknowledged no control, and there could be no peace in India until it was exterminated. This was the task which devolved upon Lords Gough and Hardinge when the Sikh army crossed the Sutlej and encamped on British territory, in defiance of our army which lay in

observation in the neighbourhood. Lord Gough's method of fighting was simple in the extreme, and he studied little else than to get his enemy in front and go straight at him. He led an army in India as he led the 87th Regiment in Spain, and he had little to offer in the way of tactical or strategic guidance beyond the famous war-cry, *faugh a bailegh*, which he taught to the Royal Irish Fusiliers at Vittoria. But if he depended, as has been said, solely upon the courage of his troops, the source from which they derived that courage was his indomitable will. From the first day to the last of his long and honourable career he was ready to say to those who served with or under him:—

I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

And his deeds would have been answerable to his words.

The Sikh army crossed the Sutlej on the 13th of December, 1845, and five days afterwards was fought the battle of Moodkee. The troops were in a state of great exhaustion, principally from the want of water, which was not procurable on the road, when, about 3 P.M., information was received that the Sikh army was advancing, and the troops had scarcely time to get under arms and move to their positions when the fact was ascertained. The country was a dead flat, covered at short intervals with low thick jungle, and dotted with sandy hillocks. Our cavalry turned the flanks of the Sikh army and swept along its rear, while our infantry completed its dispositions for attacking the infantry of the enemy, now almost invisible amongst wood and the approaching darkness. When our infantry advanced it met with such opposition as might be expected from soldiers who had everything at stake, and who had long boasted of being invincible. This stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, and amid clouds of dust which arose from the sandy plain. The enemy was driven from his position, and seventeen of his guns were taken, but victory was dearly purchased by the loss of Sir Robert Sale, the defender of Jellalabad, and of many other gallant officers and soldiers. Be it remembered that some regiments of the British army had marched twenty miles on the day of this hard-fought battle. Three days afterwards the Sikh army, largely reinforced, and possessing a numerous and powerful artillery, occupied the position of Ferozeshah. Lord Gough, to whom the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, served as second in command, made his arrangements for attacking this position at 4 P.M. The Sikh artillery far surpassed ours in number of guns and weight of metal, and also, as is said, in rapidity of service. Our infantry forced its way into the entrenchments and mastered some of the guns, but the Sikh infantry, which lay behind them, fought in a manner worthy of its fame. Night fell while the conflict raged. The enemy retained possession of a large part of their original position, whilst our troops, intermingled with theirs, kept possession of the remainder, and finally bivouacked upon it, exhausted by their gallant efforts, greatly reduced in numbers, and suffering cruelly from thirst, yet animated by an indomitable spirit. The enemy continued to harass our troops by the fire of artillery wherever moonlight discovered our position. We learn thus much from Lord Gough's own despatches. We know from other sources that retreat was suggested, but Lord Gough counselled to stand firm, and that his own and Lord Hardinge's personal intrepidity in storming batteries at the head of bands of English gentlemen and yeomen at length achieved a partial success and a temporary repose. Thus the long night wore away. But with daylight came retribution. Our infantry formed line and advanced and drove the enemy clear out of his position. It took seventy-three pieces of cannon, and remained master of the whole field. Yet the Sikh leaders brought up fresh battalions and more guns, and opened a heavy fire upon our troops, now occupying their position, to which, as our ammunition was exhausted, we could not answer by a single shot. Once more our weary soldiers were having recourse to the sabre and the bayonet. But the show of readiness sufficed. The enemy drew off; and thus ended the two-days' battle of Ferozeshah, which was gained over the Sikhs, not by an army of Englishmen—for of that we should not think much—but by an army composed largely of native troops to whom a few Englishmen had to show the way, and who without English example would not have stood one hour before the Sikhs. And even English regiments hardly prevailed over these formidable warriors. It is said that at the battle of Aliwal, where a successful charge was made by our 16th Lancers upon Sikh battalions, "the ground was more thickly strewn with the bodies of victorious horsemen than of beaten infantry." When news of the battle of Ferozeshah came to England it was felt that a few more such victories would ruin us. But in February, 1846, occurred what Cromwell might have called the "crowning mercy" of Sobraon. The Sikh army now occupied an entrenched camp having its rear upon the Sutlej. To attack this camp Lord Gough employed heavy artillery, under the direction of skilful engineers. But when it came to the actual assault our troops had to go in as before, and the Sikhs met them as they always did. After more than one repulse, by determined courage, and at heavy cost of life, our infantry forced the lines, and then there fell upon the Sikhs a defeat which was almost destruction. The river was in their rear, and the bridge of boats crossing it was broken. In their front and on their flanks were victorious enemies whom their barbarities had exasperated. Among them and around them were slaughter, confusion, and dismay.

The Sikh power was broken, but not destroyed. In little more

than two years this turbulent soldiery again called Lord Gough into the field. The battle of Chillianwallah cost as many lives as Sobraon, and it was almost barren of result. The 24th Regiment of the Line lost more than half its numbers in this battle, and people at home began to doubt whether the soldiery of Barrosa and Tarifa was not an expensive kind of generalship for a large army. Accordingly, Sir Charles Napier was despatched to the scene of action, but before he arrived Lord Gough had finally defeated the Sikh army in the great battle of Goojerat. Nobody doubts that Napier was a far better general than Gough, but his opportunities of action and distinction were incomparably smaller. Napier commanded a regiment at Oorunna, but never afterwards in Spain. Gough commanded a regiment, as we have seen, at Talavera, Barrosa, Vittoria, and La Nivelle. Napier did great things with a small force in Scinde. Gough commanded in chief in the most arduous contest in which his country was engaged in the forty years which elapsed between Waterloo and the Crimean war. He was the son of an Irish officer of militia, whose ancestor had emigrated from Wiltshire to Limerick. The English stock transplanted to Ireland has produced much goodly fruit, and none better than this ensign of 1794, who has died a Field-marshal in the present week. When our army lay for many weary months before Sebastopol it was said that the Irish officers used to sigh for one hour of the leadership of the fiery old hero of Barrosa and Ferzeshah. "He would soon have a go at the damned place and be done with it." For some purposes perhaps bad generalship is better than good; and certainly the highest military skill is of little value without that determination which Lord Gough so conspicuously displayed. When we think of what he was, and that Ireland gave him to us, we may well forgive all the trouble that is caused by that wayward partner in the Union. Nature, which has denied to her coal and iron, has given in compensation a breed of incomparable soldiers.

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE success of the Dudley Gallery is a sign of the times. The number of works sent to this, the Fifth General Exhibition of Water Colour Drawings, amounted to nearly two thousand; more than seven hundred are hung, and upwards of one thousand have been either rejected from lack of merit, or crowded out from want of room. Within a week of the opening of the Exhibition the sales had reached 2,000*l.* Yet it were absurd to contend that the art quality of the collection is in a ratio with these high figures. Indeed, the present Exhibition falls below the standard of some of its predecessors. The success of the Dudley Gallery, then, may be ascribed less to the absolute excellence of its contents than to the wisdom of its scheme and the wideness of its scope. The term "General" implies that the Exhibition represents a large constituency. Thus, while the Old Water Colour Society includes, under the qualification of members and associates, 56 artists, and the Institute 77 artists, the total number of exhibitors present at this moment in the Dudley is not less than 393. These comparative facts may in some measure account for the good fortune that has attended the experiment of an Exhibition open to the whole of England and the world besides. A wide constituency secures extensive sympathy and support, but numbers do not necessarily imply selection or quality; they rather represent the democracy of art, with all that the democratic element involves. The Dudley, in fact, casts a capacious net into the sea, and draws on shore odd fishes. It will easily be understood how much of curiosity attaches to the opening of a Gallery where, by chance, may turn up some prodigy of genius not known before either in the realm of nature or of art.

Mr. Simeon Solomon sends three subjects, which severally represent his peculiar style under the three phases of classicism, mediævalism, and sentimentalism. "Sacramentum Amoris" is a kind of hybrid between a Roman statue and a Life Academy model of soft rosy flesh. A little more firmness of articulation, as for example in the knee-joint, and more strength in the modelling generally, would have given this graceful and ideal, but somewhat feeble, figure the force and nobility which it now sadly lacks. Still we incline to look leniently upon even the faults of a work which, in its motive, rises superior to the literal and low naturalism to which the English school is now for the most part committed. Mr. Solomon is one of the very few artists who, through beauty of form and elevation of thought, redeem the nude from all taint of impurity. The picture is pretty in idea as it is pleasing in colour; specially happy in flush of fancy is the lambent flâne sweeping around the figure as the symbol, the life-giving light, of this "Sacramentum Amoris." We must, however, be permitted to protest against the irreverent use, not only of Christian thought and the most sacred Christian associations, but of the text taken from the opening of St. John's Gospel—"et lux in tenebris lucet, et tenebrae eam non comprehenduntur." No Christian could permit this piece of profanity to find place in his house. Of the two remaining contributions of Mr. Solomon, the one inclines, as we have said, to mediævalism, the other to modern sentimentalism. "A Saint of the Eastern Church" is somewhat of a satire on humanity; the picture has been painted for the sake of the saint's wardrobe; the figure serves as a clothes-horse, yet the work may be excused for the beauty of its colour. Mr. Solomon's third drawing, "A Song," brings us down to modern days and mincing manners, to drawing-rooms and pianos, to lovemaking and die-away sentiment. The scene has the merit of being to the last degree unreal; all the

women are in love, and all the men in consumption. This new Song of Solomon is most mystic and meaningless. Yet the painter will probably be forgiven by reason of the rare art qualities which he brings to bear upon whatever theme he treats. His colour is brilliant, his light clear and unclouded, his sense of beauty subtle. Could we but see in these creations more physical force and individual character, a great future might be in store for the painter.

After Mr. S. Solomon may follow, by the law of contraries, Mr. E. J. Poynter, a young artist singular for firmness in drawing and unromantic reality in treatment. That Mr. Poynter has acquired a certain academic mechanism may be judged from the academic honours recently and deservedly conferred upon him. Few painters have at so early an age obtained entrance into the Academy. This newly-elected Associate has wisely been studying in Venice, and his contributions to the Dudley show the benefit which his somewhat hard and cold manner has derived from contact with the colour of the school of Titian. Four illustrations to the "Prodigal Son" have evidently kindled into fire under the ardent compositions of Veronese and Tintoret. The artist, indeed, in seeking colour, has been here too indifferent to composition. Instructive comparison is suggested by kindred subjects—"La Dogana and Island of St. Georgio," by Mr. Poynter, and "Venice from the Public Gardens," by Mr. Donaldson. Mr. Poynter, as we have said, is firm in drawing. Mr. Donaldson, on the contrary, cannot draw—a charge substantiated by the ludicrous figure-pictures here exhibited. But how much of beauty and poetry, how much of nature's truth, can be gained by harmony of colour merely, is at once apparent by this subtle and delicious study made by Mr. Donaldson of Venetian sky and water. This drawing shares the intensity of Holland's sketches without their mannerism. Mr. Donaldson may find it to his advantage to exchange figures for landscape; nature is persuasive of sobriety and sanity. There is nothing like steady sketching for bringing a man to his senses. Certainly, an artist with a fine sense of colour may paint, even though he cannot draw; only to him will be denied a first rank. The English school has long shirked drawing, and shakiness in form is specially felt in the Dudley, not to mention other semi-amateurish Galleries. Amateurs are accustomed to take refuge in sentiment, and when their emotions grow very strong they follow the example of the Greek painter who saved the feelings of his spectators by hiding the scene from sight. This may be one reason for the prevalence of twilights and veiling shadows in the nascent school of Piccadilly. But well-trained exhibitors, such as Mr. Wells, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Marks, illustrate the truth of the dictum that, when drawing of the figure is mastered, all becomes easy, whether it be the delineation of a building, a mountain, a boat, or a tree. For thought and maturity of style, a couple of designs by Mr. W. Cave Thomas may here be commended; the line is firm, the form studious and expressive. Neither can we pass by one of the smallest, yet assuredly one of the most artistic, of studies in the Gallery—"Marion," by Mr. T. Wells, simple yet masterly head worthy of comparison, for free, firm, and dainty touch, with Lawrence's early and careful drawings. Nor must we forget Mr. Calderon's defiant, slashing figure, "La Fileuse," painted with the confidence and command which knowledge alone can give or justify. This achievement claims remembrance chiefly for the technical process employed, that of tempera on canvass. The effect gained is rather forcible than delicate, the material imposes decisive outline, broad demarcation of form with boldness in laying on of colour, while it precludes repainting or retouching. Thus the method has disabilities as well as advantages. Among the merits are a breadth and simplicity, a brilliance of light-giving power, comparable to the process of fresco. This mode of painting in tempera on canvass, which has obtained special favour in "the St. John's Wood School," may be turned to useful account in the mural decoration of public buildings and private dwellings which seem to be gaining ground notwithstanding the discomfiture of fresco-painting at Westminster.

The Dudley, as we have already indicated, rivets attention by a not unpleasing medley of mediævalism and modernism, of nature and of nonsense. So accustomed is the visitor to look for eccentricity, that he may pass over sobriety and truth as commonplace. Still, did space permit, we might mention with no stinted praise drawings studious and true by Messrs. Luxmoore, Lobley, Mills, Muckley, and Small, Miss Juliana Russell, and Miss Lucy Madox Brown. Miss Madox Brown will be greeted with special pleasure, as well for her father's sake as for the picture of rare promise by which she makes her *début*. "Summer Flowers," by Mr. Townley Green, and "The Calf," by Mr. Pinwell, are clever, but not original; these artists are but too evidently trying to outwit Mr. Frederick Walker in the "Old Water Colour." The Dudley, as already indicated, draws to itself observation by bringing into public view some of the latest phases of our English school. Thus we meet here with the prevailing tendency to throw an atmosphere of poetry and the pale haze of romance over common things and ordinary incidents of life. The method adopted may be nothing more recondite than lighting up a wall of white plaster and red brick, or placing a figure, well chosen for force and form, against a well-toned background. Mr. Edward Binyon, in such drawings as "L'Arancia e la Filatrice," shares this felicity of treatment with M. Hébert, and other French artists. The Gallery, indeed, is rather conspicuous for unobtrusive grays and tender half-tones, which barely escape vague generalities—such, for instance, as the sketchy drawing of "St. Peter's Port, Guernsey," by Mr. Field Talfourd. Mr. Harry Goodwin

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is another artist who goes in for tone, especially in a low key; indeed, "Autumn—Evening" becomes all but invisible on a dark day. Messrs. Harry and Albert Goodwin are alike too blue in their shadows. Mr. Arthur Ditchfield is yet another artist who gains repose and seeks sentiment in monotone. His "Sunrise on the Thames" is very lovely and impressive. This awaking into day—deep shades of night dispelled at break and blush of dawn—speaks to the mind as a thought in nature. Foreign styles are reflected in the Gallery in the vigorous and broad landscapes of Madame Bodichon and Alphonse Legros. There is much spirit and firmness of hand in the drawing of "Aloes near Tlein-cin, Algeria," by Madame Bodichon. Two impressive but repulsive landscapes by Legros—"Souvenir d'Espagne," and "Don Juan showing his Castle to Egina"—have something in common with the grand old styles of Gaspar Poussin and De Loutherbourg. These pictures, however, cannot be deemed good of their kind—they are opaque and black; nature might have taught this artist how to have escaped monotony and dreariness by modulations of light and colour and tenderness in the half-tones. It is the misfortune of Legros, whether he paint a figure or a landscape, to mistake roughness and rudeness for uncompromising truth; yet this artist's style may be accepted as a wholesome protest against the prettiness and triviality of our English school. The more largeness of thought and vigour in treatment we can import from the Continent the better; already our school shows signs of approaching reaction. Thus artists such as Mr. C. R. Aston and Miss Anna Blunden who have been accustomed to dot in subjects with the point of a fine pencil, are becoming less scattered. Our painters indeed at last seem to understand the obvious distinction between a study and a picture, and the mockery and delusion of "Pre-Raffaelitism" already belong to the past. The next danger may come in an opposite direction. Mr. Arthur Severn paints the sea in fine frenzy rolling; throwing reason to the winds, he loses the curves and levels of his waves. Still this drawing is grand as an idea; the sky is full of storm, smouldering fires, and gusty winds. How greatly poetic aspects and dramatic actions in nature now usurp the attention of our artists may be seen in the drawings—alike, though most unlike—of Mr. J. C. Moore and Mr. Henry Moore. Solemn, poetic, and tranquil is "The Yellow Tiber," painted by Mr. J. C. Moore. "Thunder Clouds," by Mr. Henry Moore, rise as a grand vision in the sky; these clouds, piled high as mountains, dark in storm and thunder, are illuminated by brilliant bursts of sunlight. Mr. Ruskin, in a well-known passage, complains that people do not look at the sky; our artists, we are glad to think, are beginning to open their eyes to the wonders and beauties of cloudland. In conclusion may be noted some few etchings; among the number are brilliant works by Mr. Philip G. Hamerton.

Mr. McLean has opened his "Fourth Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings, British and Foreign." The collection, which is small but choice, derives its chief interest from examples of Continental schools. The English pictures—with few exceptions, such as the magnificent work "The Thunder Cloud," by the venerable John Linnell—are in no way out of the ordinary run. "The Artist Model," by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., is certainly commonplace enough. People, however, may in this Gallery pleasantly refresh and extend their knowledge of French, Belgian, and Dutch schools, represented by two of the Bonheur family, by Fromentin, Bouguereau, Jalabert, Merle, Frère, Duverger, Zeim, Koller, De Jonghe, Bischoff, &c. A better opportunity may perhaps occur for passing under review these well-established masters. Among artists less known, we may say that we have never seen, even in the Paris Salon, better examples of Charles-François Marchal, Léon Perrault, or of Édouard-Alexandre Sain, names which appear in the list of medallists of the École des Beaux Arts within the last few years. We may also add that it is with pleasure that we mark the progress made of late by Madame Peyrol, the married sister of Rose Bonheur. As for Auguste Bonheur, a picture here exhibited confirms an opinion formed in Leeds, that the brother bids fair to head the family. Yet we would ill afford to lose any one of them. It is with reluctance that we leave this small collection, so great is our enjoyment of French and other foreign schools.

"The Society of Female Artists" has opened its "thirteenth season." We have catalogues before us extending as far back as 1858, and we scarcely recall a single Exhibition that was not declared at the time to be an advance upon its predecessors. The pitch, then, to which this thirteenth step in a progressive series has reached is more easily imagined than described. We can, however, with all sincerity declare that the Gallery this year does present an improved appearance, and we willingly accord to the Society itself a most praiseworthy endeavour to serve a good cause. People, however, will persist in asking wherefore there should exist at all any Society exclusively "female," especially at a time when it has become the ambition of women to be as men. One thing certainly seems a little strange and perverse, that while women would, if permitted, rush to the hustings to save the nation, they do not care to paint a good picture to serve this female Society. We would venture to suggest that they should, as a preliminary to absolute rights, do the one thing well for which nature has evidently fitted them. Women, by taste, by fancy, and imagination—by, in short, those intuitions of character, of truth, beauty, and goodness which are essentially womanly—seem peculiarly suited to art-work. And yet this "Society of Female Artists" has been allowed to reach a "thirteenth season" without giving adequate proof of what women can do.

THE THEATRES.

THE short time that has elapsed since the pieces which were brought out for the especial exhilaration of the Christmas holidays began to lose the bloom of novelty has been more than commonly remarkable for rapid productiveness. The Haymarket led the way with a three-act piece, called *Home*, freely adapted by Mr. T. W. Robertson from a four-act comedy by M. Émile Augier, entitled *L'Avanturière*. In this the chief personage is a gentleman who, having in early youth escaped from the domicile of a stern father as a confirmed scamp, comes back, with a fortune acquired in the United States, to find the "governor" entangled in the meshes of a designing "adventuress" anxious to secure a wealthy husband, and thus to feather her own nest and that of her brother, a loafer of the most unquestionable kind. In order to defeat her machinations, he conceals his real character from his father, and pays court to the lady himself; and as his manners are fascinating, and he has moreover succeeded in making her believe that he is a Count in disguise, he wins her heart through the medium of her head, and she is, as she thinks, on the point of eloping. The old gentleman, interrupting the flight, is at first enraged with his guest on account of his supposed breach of hospitality; but the real state of the case being explained by his daughter, who alone is in her brother's confidence, he blesses the son who has freed him from the fascinations of the siren. The adventuress, when defeated, becomes interesting, and gives a summary account of her own life, which proves that her disposition, naturally good, has been perverted by evil counsels, chiefly administered by her brother. And what makes her situation more pathetic, the passion with which she has been inspired by the pious son has grown into a genuine feeling, though it originated in interested motives. The chief object of this piece is to furnish Mr. Sothern, who represents the returned prodigal, with an effective character; the embarrassment which he displays in an indirect declaration to the young lady whom he is supposed really to love affording him an opportunity of indulging in some of those practical pleasantries in which he has more or less delighted since he first appeared as the creator of the immortal Lord Dundreary. The autobiographical speech, sensibly and unaffectedly delivered, has elevated the professional position of Miss Ada Cavendish, who plays the adventuress. The cool, impudent brother, whose keen eye to business no quantity of alcohol can dim, is an admirable character in the hands of Mr. Compton.

Of more importance is Mr. Robertson's other play, a comedy entitled *School*, which has been brought out with immense success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where it forms one of a series composed of the same author's earlier works—*Society*, *Our*, and *Caste*—which were produced at the same house, and performed by essentially the same company. The story of a pupil-teacher in a seminary for young ladies is fancifully connected with the tale of Cinderella, which, on the ascent of the curtain, she is discovered reading to her admiring schoolfellow. Edith, as she is called, is treated harshly by the governess, kindly by the governess's husband, and falls into disgrace by conversing too long in the playground with a young nobleman who has come with a select party to witness a school-examination. Expelled from the seminary, she ultimately reappears as the bride of the aristocrat by whom she was brought into trouble, and likewise proves to be of gentle blood herself. That the fairy tale may not be forgotten, the first gift of the young husband to the young wife is a glass slipper. The plot of this piece is extremely slight—more slight, in fact, than the German play, called *Aschenbrödel*, upon which it is founded. But it has enabled Mr. T. W. Robertson to introduce a number of characters who exactly hit the company for which he writes, and who are convenient mouthpieces for much good dialogue, both smart and sentimental. Edith and her noble lover are the poetical pair, who discourse about each other's shadows by moonlight in such very German fashion that one is surprised to learn that their words have not been furnished by Herr Benedix, the author of *Aschenbrödel*. These two interesting personages could not be better played than by Miss Charlotte Addison, a young and rising actress, and Mr. H. J. Montague, who has made a speciality of juvenile lovers, and is, in his line, without a rival. Mr. Sidney Bancroft, who for some years was generally laughed at by critics as a "stick," but who is now established as one of the best representatives of the "heavy swell" to be found in London, has his place in the new comedy as a high-bred cynic; and it is the mission of Miss Marie Wilton, who appears as the liveliest and wealthiest girl in the school, to laugh him out of his cynicism, and convert him into her most humble admirer. Mr. Hare—a gentleman distinguished for the accuracy with which he depicts oddities of the most various kinds, and who is absolutely necessary to a piece constructed according to the type established at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—is fitted to a nicely with nearsighted, puzzle-headed old gentleman who ultimately proves to be the father of the modern Cinderella. The good-natured schoolmaster by Mr. Addison, and the less good-natured schoolmistress by Mrs. Leigh Murray, are both good, substantial characters; and the bevy of young ladies who compose the rank and file of the seminary, and among whom lines suggesting a variety of temperaments are scattered broadcast, help to enliven the scene, though they have but little to do with the fable. Altogether there is a harmony between the piece and the persons engaged in its representation that renders *School* the pleasantest dramatic exhibition of the day.

The sprig of rue, however, has not been wanting to Mr. Robertson's cup of prosperity. Ninety-nine hundredths of the people who had seen a clever piece admirably acted had been perfectly satisfied with their evening's entertainment; but the other hundredth comprised a travelled gentleman who wrote a letter to the *Times* revealing the fact that the German play, *Aschenbrödel*, was the basis of the much-applauded *School*, and adding that Mr. Robertson's work was nothing but a translation. Hereupon a debate arose which, conducted through different journals, deserves to be remembered among the curiosities of theatrical literature. The relation of Mr. Robertson to Herr Benedix was soon settled by an elaborate article in the *Times*, which contained a full analysis of *Aschenbrödel*, clearly showing that the Englishman had indeed availed himself of the skeleton fashioned by the German, but had written entirely new dialogue, had created several new characters, and had even altered the structure of the Teutonic skeleton to no incon siderable degree. But the thirst for controversy was not to be so easily slaked. Mr. Robertson and his *School* fade into the background, and we get an interminable debate on the subject of dramatic originality in general, and the length to which an imitator may go without incurring the charge of plagiarism. If he had stated at the outset the exact amount of his indebtedness to Herr Benedix, Mr. Robertson, it is justly said, would have prevented this flood of discussion; but it may be observed, on the other hand, that dramatists of all nations have usually been slow to confess their obligations to each other, and that it is rather hard to charge a gentleman with exceptional toughness of conscience when he simply conforms to a code which, however lax, has been admitted and acted upon for centuries. However, the hardship in the case of Mr. Robertson has its palliation. Through the crash of conflicting opinions, *School* is the best-advertised piece of the day, and everybody makes a point of seeing it.

Home and *School* are, in fact, the two chief successes of the season, and confirm an already expressed opinion that the public is getting weary of mere "sensation," and requires something in the shape of writing and good acting. That attention to decorative accessories will ever so completely cease that a papered wall with two old-fashioned chairs in front of it will be accepted as the symbol of the well-furnished drawing-room, is neither to be expected nor desired. We have learned the art of stage arrangement at a somewhat heavy price, and our acquirements, such as they are, for good or evil, must be preserved. The very play of *School* is put upon the boards after a fashion which makes some of the scenes so many "spectacles" on a small scale. The wood in which the school-girls listen to the fairy tale, the grouping of the listeners, the manner of disposing the moonlight while the lovers utter their pretty pertnesses and sentimentalities, all conduct to give the tale that appearance of reality which modern audiences have learned to regard as indispensable. It was when the taste for reality in external details of the stage threatened to supplant all interest in essentials that it became apparently dangerous to dramatic art.

The reaction in favour of neat writing and good acting which has occurred in the course of about six months has led some Utopians to believe that a day is at hand when everything like melodrama will vanish from the theatre, and universally educated humanity will luxuriously contemplate a series of genteel comedies spiced with a little romance. This is a sort of reformation that is not by any means on the cards. The enjoyment of comedy presupposes a sympathy with certain social prejudices and proprieties which a large mass of our fellow-subjects cannot possibly acquire. To persons who are utterly unacquainted with the delicacies of refined living, and whose lives are spent in a struggle for non-luxurious existence, a tale that involves anything less than a fight for life and death will appear trifling and insipid. In the so-called "palmy days" of the drama, when tragedy and comedy alone composed the dramatic banquets offered to the public, it was generally found that the humble classes cared little for comedy, but always looked upon tragedy as attractive. The real Melpomene, classic or romantic, is now a neglected muse, but the interest in deadly collisions to which she once responded is not extinct, and to the end of time, unless human nature greatly alters, there must be pieces in which somebody is killed, and in which incidents occur involving the safety of life or limb. When tragedy loses its hold there must be melodrama, under some name or other, and as long as this serves as a vehicle for writing and acting it is still entitled to some respect. Perhaps Mr. Watts Phillips's new piece, *Fettered*, now played at the Holborn, stands on the boundary-line to which modern melodrama may safely go, if it would not pass over to the obsolete condition which even transpontine managers have lately learned to repudiate. When a serious domestic interest is to be excited, the Englishman looks as naturally towards an imprudent marriage, with bigamy for its probable contingent, as a Frenchman looks towards adultery. Thus the principal personage in *Fettered* is an adventurous villain who, having decoyed a wealthy girl in her teens into an unhappy marriage, commits a forgery which earns for him a sentence of transportation, and afterwards coming back to begin life afresh, accidentally renews his acquaintance with his long-liberated wife by entering her house as a burglar. The "crack" turns out a better speculation than he had expected; for, recognising the lady of the house, and rapidly calculating his own value as a social nuisance, he remains to extort where he had merely intended to rob. So dating are his schemes, and so fertile is he in resources, that one cannot conjecture how his career, which includes a project of marrying a second heiress while the first is alive, would come to a

full stop, were not a water-mill in which he takes refuge from the police stricken by lightning. The mill, destroyed in such a manner as to allow the escape of the innocent, while the guilty one is annihilated, has reminded some critics of the old-fashioned *Miller and his Men*; but there is nothing in common between Mr. Phillips's play and that famed representative of the melodrama of the past. The adventures of Grindoff belonged to a region perfectly familiar to our playgoing fathers, which was peopled with conventional robbers distinguished by their very gestures from the rest of humanity, and which might indifferently be called Bohemia, Spain, Italy, the Black Forest—anything but England. Mr. Phillips's play, on the other hand, is an exaggerated picture of modern London, leading to one of those mechanical displays which will always be found useful in melodrama; and, till he is thrown on his concluding "effect," he shows considerable tact in the structure of his story. Let us add that one of the main attractions of the piece is the character of a thievish vendor of birds, acted by Mr. George Honey with wonderful humour, and not ill-provided with telling points of dialogue. Tom Tit, as he is called, is somewhat low company, but when we reflect that his shop contains a stock of real birds and rabbits and dogs, we are rejoiced that so much live humanity can flourish unswamped by the mass of brute vitality which, we trust, is a farewell tribute to the fading taste for vulgar realism. As times go, *Fettered* is not a bad piece.

If, however, Mr. Watts Phillips has furnished the Holborn with a melodrama which, with the aid of capital stage-management, sustains a certain amount of pleasurable excitement, he has failed utterly in a piece called *Not Guilty*, which is perhaps the most incomprehensible drama ever produced on any stage. The main object of the work—that of making Mr. Emery represent two personages, one an estimable military officer, the other a desperate ruffian—is in itself a cause of confusion, for the characters are not strongly contrasted, nor is any striking situation obtained from their mutual resemblance. And, in addition to the complexities that arise from the fundamental idea, there are complexities of detail which render the enigma altogether insoluble, however wise the *Edipus*.

A respectable mistake committed by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has arranged for the Princess's Theatre a series of pictures, some of them startling, in which Madle. Beatrice represents *Marie Antoinette*, but which really never become a play at all, and a very coarse specimen of the old domestic melodrama, entitled *Red Hands*, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre, complete the list of novelties for theatrical London.

REVIEWS.

DR. WINSLOW ON COSMICAL REPULSION.*

THERE are many signs tending to prove the present time to be in many respects a critical one in the history of physical science. More especially is this the case in the broadest and most extensive field to which the science of physics seeks to extend its powers—that, namely, of the cosmical forces, with their ultimate nature and laws of operation. Since the publication of the *Principia* the progress of cosmical science has been one of unmixed triumph for the law of gravitation, conceived as a principle of attraction inherent in all matter, applicable to all bodies, terrestrial and celestial, pervading all space, and capable of explaining the motions and periodical changes which successive observations brought to our view in our growing knowledge of the universe. Of late years, it cannot be denied, a suspicion has been gaining ground that the monopoly, so to speak, enjoyed by this magnificent and triumphant hypothesis is liable to question. Not that the slightest doubt exists, or need be started, as regards the absolute truth or the universal applicability of the law of gravitation. Certain facts and phenomena, however, of great physical importance, which had either escaped the notice of illustrious men from age to age, or have been only brought to light by aids to observation not within their reach, have opened new and almost startling fields of speculation and discovery in relation to this momentous theme. Anomalies have not seldom been encountered in the study of nature by the single light of the established hypothesis. In the application of mathematics to physical facts and observations, cases have been found to resist every form of analysis based upon the exclusive truth of that assumption, or at best recourse has been had to a treatment through the use of empirical or exceptional formulæ aside of the original law. A query has thus been raised, in the minds of many astronomers and physicists, whether some subtle principle antagonistic to attraction does not also exist as an all-pervading element in nature, and so operate as in some way to disturb the action of what has generally been considered by the scientific world a unique force.

It is the aim of Dr. Winslow's recent work on *Force and Nature* to establish the existence, and to trace the fundamental laws, of a repulsive force in nature complementary to the attractive force inherent in matter. In following out this thesis he has shown great subtlety and strength of reasoning, combined with much width of observation and a marked power in generalizing from facts. This is not the first time that his views upon this important

* *Force and Nature: Attraction and Repulsion, the Radical Principles of Energy, discussed in their Relations to Physical and Morphological Developments.* By Charles Frederick Winslow, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

problem have been submitted to the public. As early as the year 1853 a treatise was printed by him on *Repulsion as a Cosmic Force*. In justice to the originality of his speculations Dr. Winslow feels called upon to explain that he was at that time unacquainted with the *Theoria* of Boscovich, in which that learned Jesuit presented, in 1745, the hypothesis of repulsion, and attempted its mathematical development as a middle range of speculation between the theories of Newton and Leibnitz. Acute and even prophetic as were Boscovich's ideas, they seem to have made no impression either upon his own or subsequent times, nor have they proved to Dr. Winslow himself suggestive either of law or fact during his observations and researches in the same field. The general idea of "molecular repulsion" was indeed, as the author allows, as old as the early Greek philosophy, and was shadowed out in the poetical cosmology of Lucretius, though at no time brought within the range of inductive or experimental proof. A letter from Newton to Boyle is adduced by the author to show that the conception of a force unlike and opposed to gravitation had crossed the mind of that great philosopher, although his views in the main were but conjectural, and were never carried out with the same full and clear development as his other leading hypotheses. Hooke was led, in 1662, by his observations upon comets, to conceive a repellent agency proceeding from the sun, and urging the tails of those bodies in a direction contrary to that which gravitation would cause them to take. This agency he supposed to be light, and applied to it the name of "levitation." Conjectures, more or less vague, had been hazarded by Kepler, Euler, and others, that the light emitted by the sun might be a repulsive force *per se*; by others, that the sun's electricity exercises a repulsive influence upon distant bodies. The observations of Bessel upon Halley's comet impressed him with the idea of some element of power contrary to gravity inherent in the sun, and engendering in the resisting medium a condition opposed to that of the cometary particles, to which he gave the name of polarity, considering it as something akin to magnetism. In 1858-60 this idea was revived and expanded by M. Faye, who from his own observations, as well as those of Mr. Bond and others, upon the comet of Donati, deduced the idea of a definite repulsive influence exerted by the sun upon comets in general, but not upon the denser cosmic bodies, "née de la chaleur solaire, et exercée au loin par la surface incandescente du soleil." He dwells with interest upon the problem of determining the "duality of those forces which govern the heavenly bodies around us." Dr. Winslow is particular in drawing attention to the date of this declaration of M. Faye, with the view of establishing his own claim to the priority of research and publication. It was in March, 1853, he tells us, that his first demonstrations of "repulsion as a planetary, solar, and universal force" were given to the public. Whether this essay or treatise was published in America or England we are not given to understand. Since that time his undertaking has been furthered and stimulated, not only by the general drift of scientific thought in relation to cosmical and molecular physics, but in particular by efforts like that of Professor Rankine in his *Outlines of the Science of Energetics*. The writer has also to speak of direct encouragement and assistance given to his labours by Baron Liebig, as well as by Faraday, from whom a most generous and encouraging letter reached him in the year 1858.

Molecular repulsion has, as a fact in physics, long been placed beyond dispute. The problem now before men of science—the problem which Dr. Winslow considers himself to have solved in the affirmative—is the extension of this law through all the acts and conditions of molecules to their grandest combinations and phenomena. It may one day be in the power of the calculus to assign to this universal law its definite and progressive quantities and functions. It may, on the other hand, be reserved for this discovery to mitigate or to clear up much of the reproach that in a certain sense may be said to hang over the department of analysis. There are certain anomalies or difficulties, such as those in the lunar theory, in the problem of the tides, and in the secular variation of the earth's mean motion, which are held, so to say, in suspense for lack of the means of integrating the equations involved. What if it should turn out that the real defect lay in the assumption of an attractive force as the sole cosmical condition of the problem? Telescopic science, enlarging and defining the aspects and the range of the stellar universe, has added its suggestive voice to the demand for a wider conception of cosmical force. The spiral form of many nebulae, notably the great nebula in Orion, and anomalous forms like the "dumb-bell" in Vulpecula, seem at once to challenge the exclusive dominion of a law which would account only for regular curves of the second order. We do not find Dr. Winslow making as much as we think he might of these two branches of speculation. In his chapter on the *Nature and Action of Force*, he enters with fulness and vigour of reasoning upon the mechanical and crystallographic actions resulting from the primary forces in nature, and indicating in their products the "dual elements of attraction and repulsion" at work in every action of those forces upon aggregates or combinations of atoms. Although not treated by physicists in general as an active agent in crystallization, repulsion is, he rightly urges, without doubt as present and effective as attraction in arranging molecules into geometrical forms, and expanding these forms into their grandest and most perfect proportions. As attraction is known as the force that moulds the faces and produces the shortest axes of crystals, it follows that repulsion must be that which shapes their salient diameters and angles. In the evaporation of any saline solution, the particles are

seen to repel and fly from each other like so many animalculæ or infinitesimal magnets, while in another direction they attract and attach themselves to one another, assuming finally regular and solid geometrical forms. "While attraction appears to be the basis of solidity, repulsion appears to assume a higher function, and to inspire in matter a spirit of selection, adjustment, arrangement, order and beauty, and to be an ascending force from inert or neutral atoms, adding to the solidifying force a kind of intelligent life-like endowment."

The same basic force may in like manner be detected underlying the great geological principles which resulted in the formation of the earth's crust. Without committing himself exclusively to any special earthquake theory, the student of nature cannot but recognise the persistent action of a repulsive force in the upheavals and fissures, the undulatory movements and shocks which disturb even now the equilibrium of the earth's surface, no less than in the vast basaltic and metamorphic deposits which denote a highly crystallizing energy at work in the earliest processes of solidification. The testimony of earthquakes to the truth of the hypothesis of terrestrial tension and repulsion is brought together with much diligence by the author, whose extensive travels in Central America and the islands of the Pacific have given him the means of personally testing and measuring the magnitude of those tremendous agencies. His reasoning, which is in part based upon, and in general compatible with, the careful observations and cautious views of Ferrey and Mallett, goes to establish the existence of a powerful repulsive principle at work, radiating from the centre of the globe. From the immense stores of facts collected by these and other investigators, he thinks he can see his way to connecting this movement of the fluid mass confined within the solid crust of the globe with the varying attraction of the sun's mass at different portions of our planet's elliptical orbit. The general intensity of the seismic or plutonic force should be, according to this theory, inversely proportional to the length of the earth's radius vector. The tables he has put together do much to substantiate this view, so far as the numbers of recorded earthquakes with their corresponding dates are concerned. "For the six months during which the earth is most remote from the sun there stand 5,175, against 6,697 during the six months of nearest proximity of these two bodies, thus presenting a difference of 1,522 *in favour of the perihelic arc.*" If we proceed to estimate, however, these phenomena in the ratio of their intensity, rather than of their frequency, the results seem to us, at first sight at least, far less decisive, even if any law can be deduced from them at all. Picking out from the long list of earthquakes those which seem to have been the most violent or extensive, we find them occurring without much difference at all periods of the year alike. Of the two great catastrophes at Lisbon, that of 1531 took place on the 26th of February, that of 1755 on the 1st of November. That of Lima, in 1746, was on October 28. That by which the coast of Chili was permanently raised was on November 19, 1822; while one of the most violent on record in this country—by which, says Hoveden, Lincoln Cathedral was rent, *à summâ deorsum*—took place April 15, 1185. That whereby parts of St. Paul's and of the Temple churches were thrown down was on the 6th of the same month, 1580. The late terrible shocks in South America occurred in the middle of August; the extraordinary eruption of lava in Hawaii during April of last year. The wonderful outbreak of Vesuvius described so graphically by Sir W. Hamilton extended with little intermission from November, 1765, to near the end of October, 1766. The greatest of anomalies is that lately recorded by Professor Phillips—that periodically Ætna is most active during the six months ending with July, Vesuvius during the six months beginning with that month. Dr. Winslow allows little or no force to the tidal influence of the moon upon the molten sea within our earth; else we might refer him to the most recent observations of Professor Palmieri, showing that the eruptive force in the case of Vesuvius is sensibly strengthened at the syzygies and weakened at the quadratures of the moon. It is so far in favour of his hypothesis that none of the fiercest shocks can be pointed out at exact proximity to the June solstice.

The phenomena of comets have been studied by the writer with an amount of pains and an acuteness of reasoning to which we regret that we cannot do justice. On the nature and causes of waterspouts he dilates, it seems to us, with more originality than conclusiveness. Instead of seeing in this phenomenon the simple force of atmospheric pressure, he believes it to depend upon a "positive radiation of the repulsive force as a definite cosmic principle, which acts upon the body of the waters to rarify, in like manner (although in an opposite sense) as attraction acts to condense them." From what source this radial impulse is imparted to the ocean, its surface being in the most signal instances calm at the time, and how it is combined with the rotary action of the descending currents of air, he forbears to speculate, though he might possibly trace here an analogy with the well-known synchronism of atmospheric and magnetic storms with disturbances of the earth's strata. He has done, however, good service to science by exposing the hollowness of referring these and similar systems in the working of nature to the mere hypothetical notion of "reaction":—

To call these and similar phenomena simple "reaction" explains nothing; for reaction, as a word, means nothing unless it represents an idea of direct and positive physical force. If it mean anything, then, it expresses a force opposite in action to that which drew the particles towards the centre and

increased the density of the comet's mass as it approached the sun. If it be a force—a positive principle exerting action opposite to attraction—it is the equivalent of molecular repulsion, admitted by every writer on molecular physics, and which has already been demonstrated to be susceptible in our own planet of swelling into indefinite volumes, of producing general radial phenomena, and of becoming an absolute planetary force, the properties of which are everywhere similar, and always expressed in functions of a cognate and voluminously repulsive character. And it may well be concluded from all which precedes, that the final principle of nature which, throughout our globe, expands matter, creates the waterspout, guides the currents of vital force and molecules in the palm-tree and pine, lifts plutonic fires thousands of feet high, shakes alike centre and circumference, causes flame to ascend perpendicularly from every radius of the sphere, is no other than a positive living force of repulsion—a principle of energy the opposite of attraction; and that it not only performs the same function in every planet and comet, but also is the identical principle which, in every star and controlling central body of a system, determines and guides all radial phenomena in their outward courses; and in our own system, proceeding from the sun, projects the comet's tail in all its radial aspects in the same manner as repulsion, ever insensibly radiating from the earth's centre, projects the ascending atoms or luminous currents from a burning taper. It is one and the same principle, as universal in its reach as gravitation, and ever antagonistic to it, whether in a molecule or a world. It is the occult principle of energy, the final element of antithetic power, *per se*, in polarity, as will be more clearly seen hereafter.

Dr. Winslow's volume is more conspicuous for bold and comprehensive generalizations than for the minute discussion of facts. Its thoroughness throughout is to take for granted, or to lay down as a solid basis for speculation, what may often be considered matter of no little doubt, if not opposed to the received current of scientific opinion. Thus the fundamental dogma on which he proceeds to build his entire structure of proof is that space is absolute vacuum. "No ether, either ponderable or imponderable, exists there." The hypothesis of an ethereal medium, either as engendering or transmitting light, or retarding the motion of bodies in space, will one day be classed, he thinks certain, with "phlogiston," *vis inertiae*, and similar baseless figments of the schools. Light, in his view, is "only a compound resultant of molecular attraction and molecular repulsion." When to this highly sounding but vague definition he adds the still more obscure thesis that "light is generated by an equatorial product or function of thermic and other molecuло-chemical vibrations, in the same manner as magnetism is an equatorial product or function of electricity, and *vice versa*," we feel compelled to postpone our acquiescence till the author has done more to clear up and substantiate his meaning. Again, he depends upon the assumed fact that "no physicist will admit that a single molecule has ever dropped out of the globe or been annihilated." Now, in our present imperfect knowledge, to say the least, of the ultimate nature of molecules, and of the possible state of tenuity in which the constituents of matter may exist in the volatile or gaseous form, is it within the scope of science to lay down that none of the mineral or other exhalations given off by the earth under the radiant heat of the sun, or the action of volcanic fires, may be so far radiated from our surface into the upper strata of the air as to be absorbed into the absolute cold of space, a consequent loss of molecular bulk being entailed upon our globe? But for some such compensatory loss, indeed, the increase of the earth's bulk known to result from the constant accretion of meteorites would lead by rapid and calculable steps to disastrous consequences. A French *savant* has worked out in figures the number of years that our planet would take, on the basis of this handicapping by so many kilogrammes of metal annually, ere its race was arrested in the vortex of the sun. We are glad to find the writer in entire accord with ourselves as regards one phase of the molecular or atomic theory, the assumed shapes of atoms or molecules. "Whether molecules possess hooks, or are cubes, spheres, ellipsoids, or of various other shapes whereby to be dovetailed or packed together, or whether they are surrounded with one or several atmospheres of ether or electric fluid, or any other unknown or fanciful condition wherewith to fill up the spaces between their irregular attachments and peripheries," these seem to him scientific conceits which have had or will have their little hour. They may serve as rhetorical flights to dazzle a half-instructed audience, or convenient aids to grasp what might be otherwise shapeless and intangible truths. But they have no place in the severe and sober nomenclature of philosophy. Allowing for a certain diffuseness and prolixity of style, besides that undercurrent of dogmatism and premature speculation we have already spoken of, Dr. Winslow's treatise is one which deserves thoughtful and conscientious study. He has the merit of breaking ground, in a tentative and suggestive sense, upon problems of the highest moment, which it may be reserved for some Newton of a future day to reduce to mathematical fixity and measure.

MR. ARNOLD ON CULTURE AND ANARCHY.*

WE all of us know pretty well by this time what to think of Mr. Matthew Arnold in his character of social philosopher. As a poet, there is much to be discovered about him, and there are many things to be said. As a critic, every competent person so much esteems what he has done that we could wish that he had done a great deal more. But as a person discharging the functions of a spiritual power, playing at being the English Socrates, most people have made up their minds about him, and do not take the trouble either to criticize him or, perhaps unfortunately for ourselves at this moment, to know how others would criticize him.

* *Culture and Anarchy; an Essay in Political and Social Criticism.* By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1869.

Considering how short a time it is since Mr. Arnold came before the public in this character, only some four or five years ago, and considering how much mark he has really made upon English opinion in this interval, there is something curious in the fact that he should already stand in the ranks of the played-out. Most people think pretty much the same about the performance before us, which is in a manner the sum and substance of foregoing instruction; and when most people think the same about a writer, it is rather a good reason for believing that, as a source of truly vital influence, his hour has passed. We all of us, or nearly all of us at any rate, agree that Mr. Arnold has done a thoroughly good bit of work in familiarizing the English reader with clever nicknames for personages who were already only too familiar to him, for to give a clever nickname is to sap the position of the personage to whom you give it; that he has done a great deal by way of beginning towards cleaving the ugly block of national conceit, not in national excellencies but in national defects; and that he has decidedly quickened and stimulated intelligence among many of the most important of those who ultimately form public opinion. Yet somehow we seem to feel that we now know all that he has got to tell us in this order. The general impression on the subject comes to something of this sort—that England has a systematic and disgraceful contempt for anything like the higher intelligence, that she omits from her scheme of valuable things the ideas of order, discipline, organization, logical harmony, and the like; and that this disrespect for brains on the one hand, and for effective organization on the other, must inevitably one day cause severe, if not ruinous, penalties to be exacted from her. There is a great deal of the most valuable and well-timed truth in this, and Mr. Arnold deserves the highest credit for the mixed perseverance and good-humour with which he has pressed it upon everybody who has ears to hear. Yet, once more, people appear to have the kind of sentiment about all this with which young folks come to regard a good and amusing trick of which they have found out the secret. For one thing, Mr. Arnold, in his papers on politics, has indulged without stint in a mannerism which at first was dazzling and effective to a high degree, but which is not of a kind to bear endless repetition and reproduction. There is another prose-writer in our day who practises mannerisms without end or limit, but Mr. Carlyle's mannerism is robust, poetic, infinitely picturesque and diversified. Besides, we are conscious that it carries us very deep down into things. On the whole, we are not conscious of any such thing in Mr. Arnold, with his rather monotonous fun about Mrs. Gooch and Mr. Frederick Harrison and the Rev. W. Cattle and the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. It does not go far into the heart of the matter. Those iterated allusions do not live and stir, as allusions do in Mr. Carlyle. We are not attempting, what would be very unfair, to blame Mr. Arnold because he is not as the old prophet, but are only trying to understand why, of two sorts of mannerism, each good in its way, one palls upon us and the other does not, and why Mr. Carlyle's obtrusions of the times go on kindling a flame in the young mind, while Mr. Arnold's are already beginning to strike on the ear as a very old tune, which was never very much of a tune at any time. Perhaps fire is too violent and ungoverned an element for the fastidious critic to resort to, even in its metaphorical designation.

It is something more than a merely accidental coincidence that both Mr. Carlyle in his *Shooting Niagara*, and Mr. Arnold in the volume before us, should wind up their monitions with an earnest appeal to hopeful and ardent youth to have nothing to do with the barren and windy politics of the day. "At this exciting juncture," says Mr. Arnold, "while so many of the lovers of new ideas, somewhat weary, as we too are, of the stock performances of our Liberal friends upon the political stage, are disposed to rush valiantly upon this public stage themselves, we cannot at all think that for a wise lover of new ideas this stage is the right one." And he gives as a reason why abstinence from eager participation in the practical operations of politics is to be recommended, that the House of Commons must of necessity be the very last place in which the new movement can make itself effectively felt, as being inevitably the strongest and most enduring of the old organizations. The centre of movement is not in Parliament, but "in the fermenting mind of the nation, and his is for the next twenty years the real influence who can address himself to this." In this there is a great deal of truth, but one or two things suggest themselves as worth saying about even the truth that there is in it. For instance, there is a slight inconsistency in our serene adviser rushing incontinently as he does, not into the House of Commons, but into what are strictly House of Commons questions, such as Real Estate Intestacy Bills, Bills for legalization of Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister, and so forth. If Mr. Arnold chooses to play spiritual power, he had better not meddle with the details which justly engage the temporal power. There can be no objection to his acting the part of Pope if he can find any acolytes, only let him restrain his comments within the sphere in which alone he claims competence. He is welcome to quote Bishop Wilson as much as he likes, but to talk like Bishop Wilson when the subject of discussion is a measure affecting the devolution of landed property in Great Britain in the nineteenth century is to be guilty of that kind of incongruity which the French might call *sauvrenu*—a word which Mr. Arnold himself once so admirably explained to the English public. We are almost humiliated, as by seeing somebody whom one much respects and likes accidentally making a fool of himself, by Mr. Arnold's talk about the Real Estate Intestacy Bill. Of the measure itself

we say nothing; it may be good, or it may be bad, but there is something pitiable in the sight of an able man plunging into criticism of a given measure, without having even felt the necessity of fixing the sort of matter in which the measure lies, and determining the appropriate standards and principles by which measures in that order may best be examined. It is all very well to talk about letting your consciousness play freely over subjects, but unless this play is regulated on some intelligible and scientific principle it is just as likely to land you in error as in truth. The supporters of equal division of land in case of intestacy say, according to Mr. Arnold, that by the natural law or fitness of things a man's children have a right to equal shares in the enjoyment of his property after his death. Mr. Arnold takes no pains to find out the real meaning of this statement, but, fastening on the word right, lets his consciousness play about that to the exclusion of all real sight into the nature of the controversy. His consciousness tells him that he has no rights, but only duties; it is unsafe to say that children have rights, instead of saying that parents have duties; nobody's consciousness tells him that to leave all our children an equal share in our property is a duty; and so on. We suppose that this is what is called "play" of consciousness as distinguished from that "work" of consciousness into which most of us are plunged. Contrast this sort of talk with the way in which Burke, whom Mr. Arnold admires, would have elevated a low and narrow fashion of handling a political subject. What we want in politics is a vigorous and intelligent use of political judgment, just as in chemistry or astronomy we ask for the vigorous and intelligent application of a trained chemical or astronomical judgment. And, applying such judgment to the issue about the devolution of real estate, we find that the partisans of equal division maintain that it is for the interests of the nation that our policy recognises equality of right in children in respect of personality, that large estates are economically prejudicial, and so forth. The partisans on the other side deny that large estates are economically prejudicial, and assert that they are the very opposite; they urge the impolicy of unsettling a tradition that has worked well, refuse to admit any analogy between realty and personality, and in various other ways make up a defence which shall stand the test of political discussion. There may be underlings who put forth parts of the case on either side, instead of the whole, and talk crudely about rights, vested interests, and the like; but the leaders in the House and in the press know perfectly well, and express with entire adequateness, the true nature of the controversy. Mr. Arnold has absolutely nothing to contribute to the subject, and he assumes to talk patronisingly and condescendingly where he has never taken the trouble to master the question. Mr. Bright and Lord Salisbury, though the one is in Mr. Arnold's vocabulary a Barbarian, and the other a variety of the Philistine, both use their consciousness to much better effect than Mr. Arnold upon this subject, simply because they know to the bottom what they are talking about, and have studied the form of argument proper to the matter, its standards and scope, much more scientifically than their admonisher with his vague play of consciousness. It may be wrong to go into Parliament, and it may be a pity, from the point of view of Hellenic culture, that anybody should be so lamentably Hebraised as to wish actually to pass measures for the improvement of the well-being of the country; but if a man is there, he would deserve as much contempt as even Mr. Arnold could bestow upon him out of his inexhaustible stores, if he did not concentrate his political reason, which is a very different thing from letting consciousness play over things. Such keen, searching, and exact dialectic as Plato taught is Hellenism in its truest and noblest sense; vague, unregulated, unscientific play of consciousness, which is what we get from Mr. Arnold when he talks about politics, is Hellenism made uncommonly easy.

Let us notice another thing. Does Mr. Arnold or any other teacher do anything like the good he might do, by mere injunction to practise this and abstain from that? To bid us follow culture is, for the vast majority even of decently trained persons, simply a word. It is like the sterile admonition of the moralist to follow virtue. What sort of virtue? How? Where? Give us the example of virtuous life and conversation. And so of culture. Present to us the fruits of culture in forms that men may grasp, that may help us to realize the methods and the ends in something like visible bodily shape. Socrates bade men know themselves, but then he constantly went about showing them how they might attain this divine self-knowledge, discussing all subjects, examining all opinions. If he was anything, he was specific. We wish that Mr. Arnold, our polite Anglican version of Socrates, would work in the same spirit, giving us many examples of culture, rather than a single precept about it, clothed in many words. He has done something, we gladly admit, and even a great deal. His volume of critical essays taught us much. His more recent book on secondary instruction in France and Germany was full of lucid and valuable thoughts about education. His verse is a constant delight. In the present volume there are some wise words, and they will exert their full effect, for Mr. Arnold has got his public; but we cannot detect any sort of usefulness in its general purpose. In those practical operations of politics about which Mr. Arnold speaks at once so authoritatively and so contemptuously, you cannot choose precisely the way in which the thing is to be done, nor the hour and the minute, nor the forces by which to do it. The world must be improved, if at all, by these practical operations, and if one cannot carry them out in the

noblest way possible, then we must take the next noblest way that is possible. There are large forces, sweeping in many currents, in a country like ours, and it is the business of the statesman and politician to control or use them with as much prudence and effect as they can, for the general good. It is the business of distinguished men like Mr. Arnold to modify these forces in the intellectual order, preparing the way for new activity ten, twenty, or any other number of years hence. But why scorn the rough and needful business of the hour, and the men who are content to do it? Unless we are to starve, somebody must thresh the corn. Not at all, says Mr. Arnold; throw away your clumsy ugly flail, and let us set to work to make a fine steam-machine, which will be in perfect order in twenty years from now. If this is the result of culture, he may well call his book *Culture and Anarchy*—culture in the next generation and anarchy meanwhile. Only the anarchy would assuredly advance so much more rapidly that when culture arrived it would find all swept and garnished, and our last state would be ever so much worse than even this present.

ERASMIUS' PRAISE OF FOLLY.*

UNTIL the taste for reading any Latin book that does not belong to the golden period, and likewise form part of a classical curriculum, has altogether become extinct, the *Encomium Moriae* of the ever genial Erasmus is sure to find students among the more intellectual class of the male public. It is a *jeu d'esprit* in the best sense of the word—a sport with scholarship by a scholar, whose learning sits too easily upon him to render him pedantic, or to obliterate his original nature. The "Encomium" was one of the great scholar's earliest works, and probably the time at which he wrote it was the happiest in his life. Fortune had not yet raised him above the vicissitudes of the literary adventurer, but he was already an object of attraction to all the learned men of Europe, and the religious differences that drew him into the field of theological controversy, and embittered the latter days of his life, had not begun. The name of Luther as a religious wonder was then unknown, nor was there any suspicion of the historical importance subsequently attained by the friar of Wittenberg. The connexion of the "Encomium" with the Reformation, on account of the satirical manner in which its author treated the religious practices of his day, was an afterthought. In common with many indubitable Roman Catholics, Erasmus simply thought that the Church at the beginning of the sixteenth century was not in good condition, and though he had little respect for the prevalent theology, his book does not show the slightest desire to overthrow a single ecclesiastical institution. He wrote it, too, under remarkably pleasant circumstances. He had just satisfied his youthful desire of visiting Italy, the seat of polite learning, and he was sojourning at Rome, under the special favour of the Pope, when he received a pressing invitation from his English friends, who were many and influential, to visit them for the third time. Our country had been endeared to him by his two previous visits, and the invitation was accepted. On his road he wrote the "Encomium," which he dedicated to his good friend Sir Thomas More. The affinity of his friend's name to the Greek word *Mopia* seems to have suggested the subject. At least, in his dedication, he supposes More asking him what Pallas inspired him with the notion of filling up his spare hours with a panegyric on Folly, and answers him thus:—"Primum admonuit me Moria cognomen tibi gentile, quod tam ad Moria vocabulam accedit quam es ipse a re alienus." That Erasmus was not superior to a pun is well known to every one who has but glanced at the "Colloquia."

The character of self-satisfaction, which is with Erasmus the chief attribute of folly, is imprinted on the very form of the book, which is an oration pronounced by Moria, or Folly herself, who is thus her own panegyrist, vaunting her lofty lineage, and declaring her power over all sorts and conditions of men. She is accompanied by her nurses Metha (Inebriety), the child of Bacchus, and Apedia (Lack of Education), the daughter of Pan, and by several female and two male attendants. The females are Philautia (Self-love), remarkable for her haughty brow; Colacia (Flattery), who is blessed with smiling eyes (*arreditibus oculis*), and always applauds with her hands; Lethe (Forgetfulness), who is half asleep; Misoponia (Sloth), who leans on both elbows; Hedone (Pleasure), who is wreathed with roses, and has anointed hair; Anoia (Imbecility), whose eyes wander; and Truphe (Luxury), who is *nitida cute probeque saginato corpore*. The boys are the convivial god Convus, and *Niγypetos Υπνος* (the Homeric expression for profound sleep). Having stated that she is the daughter of Plutus, God of Wealth, and the nymph Neotes (Youth), who gave birth to her in the Fortunate Islands, where she was suckled by Metha and Apedia, Moria asserts her right to be considered chief of all the deities. What does man more highly esteem than life? Now life presupposes wedlock, and as it is clear that people in their right senses would never get married, Moria's attendant, Anoia, is manifestly the cause of wedlock. If a person who has already experienced the vexations of matrimony is foolish enough to marry again, the aid of Lethe is invoked.

Moria, according to her own opinion, is not only the origin of life, but produces all that makes life pleasant. The charm of infants is their utter lack of wisdom, and the further people are removed

* *Mopia Εγκώμιον. Stultitia Laudatio. Desiderii Erasmi Declamatio. Londini, et venit Parisiis apud Barbon. MDCLXV.*

by force of education and experience from this state of blissful stupidity, the less tolerable is their condition until they arrive at old age, the evils of which are softened by that second childhood which is in some sort a recurrence of the first. A very old man who retained all the lessons which he had learned through life would be as offensive as a too precocious child. But Folly comes to the rescue, and makes the "lean and slumped pantaloon" a source of satisfaction to himself and others:—

Delirat senex meo munere. Sed tamen delirus iste minus interim miseria illis curis vacat quibus sapiens iste distorqueret. Interim non illepidus est compotor; non sentit vitiæ tedium, quod robustior aetas vix toleret. Non nunquam cum semet Plautino ad tres illas literas reveritur, infelicitissimus si sapiat. At interim meo beneficio felix, interim amicis gratis, ne congerro quidem infestivus.

The "Senex Plautinus" is he in the *Mercator*, who late in life has learned the three letters composing the verb *A M O*.

As the gods, when they are most kindly disposed to mortals, metamorphose them into trees, birds, grasshoppers, and serpents, thus virtually killing them, since the change of one creature into another of a totally different nature implies the death of the first, so Folly, more beneficent, restores her favourite to the happiest period of his life. If men were content to remain stupid always, no such change would be needed, inasmuch as they would enjoy a perpetual childhood. Herein the people of Brabant are especially to be commended, that the more they advance in years the more stupid they become; and the like commendation is due to the men of Holland, whom Folly affectionately calls "Hollandi mei," since they not only worship her devoutly, but are proud of their devotion. Look at the assembly of the gods. Why is Bacchus always young, and always blest with a plentiful crop of hair? Simply because he is essentially unwise and heedless, and has as little as possible to do with sage Pallas. Why is Cupid always a boy? Simply because he is always a trifler. Venus, *χρωσίς Αγρούτην*, is proved by her epithet to wear the color of Folly's father, Plutus, and moreover is perpetually smiling. Who is more zealously worshipped by the Romans than Flora, the parent of all pleasure?

Descending from Heaven to Earth, we find everywhere an abode for Folly. If, according to the Stoics, wisdom is submission to reason, and folly obedience to the passions, the supremacy of the latter is shown at once; reason being confined to little nook in the skull, whereas the dominion of passion extends over all the rest of the human frame. Nay, as man, with all his drawbacks, still had a modicum of wisdom in his composition, he took unto himself, by the advice of Folly, his partner woman—*animal videlicet stultum quidem illud et ineptum, verum ridiculum, at suave*—that his natural melancholy might be cheered by her foolishness. As for a woman who wishes to appear wise, she is doubly foolish in assuming something contrary to her nature. An ape is always an ape, even if clad in purple; and a woman is always a woman—that is to say, a fool—and it is to her foolishness that she owes her power. Folly gives the best seasoning to the banquet, and is the truest promoter of friendship. As the lover overlooks the defects of his beloved, and even thinks them so many charms, so friends lightly pass over each other's faults, which is in itself foolish. Cupid is painted blind, as one to whom *τὰ μῆ καλὰ καλὰ πίστανται*, and it is to the kindly absurdities of friends and lovers that life owes much of its pleasure. As for marriage, no one would enter into that holy state if he prudently calculated his chances of happiness beforehand, and few men would remain subject to that yoke did they not close their eyes to many of their wives' misdeeds. Without Folly everybody would hate, not only his neighbour, but himself likewise. To prevent the latter calamity is the office of Folly's attendant, Philautia, without whose aid the orator would grow cold, the musician would become untuneful, the actor would be hissed, the poet would be laughed out of countenance, the painter would come to grief, and the physician would starve in the middle of his drugs. A man must begin by admiring himself if he would gain the admiration of others. Hence it is happily provided by Philautia that no one is dissatisfied with his own personal appearance, his own family, his own place, his own country.

One of the most fertile sources of glory is war, than which nothing can be more foolish. A wise man, worn out by study, and with little blood in his veins, would be altogether out of place on the battle-field, to which stout heavy fellows, with abundance of valour and the least possible amount of mind, are exactly suited. As for the assertion that "Consilium in bellis plurimum habet momenti," that may be very true with respect to the generals, but the rank and file are best supplied by the dregs of the human race. Indeed philosophers are of little use in any of the concerns of practical life. Socrates himself, pronounced the only wise man by the oracle of Apollo, could not escape derision when he meddled with public affairs, and it was only by his wisdom that he came to an untimely end. In the presence of a multitude Plato could not finish a sentence, and Theophrastus was utterly dumb-founded. Isocrates, far from being able to inspire a soldier with valour, was chicken-hearted to the last degree, and Cicero when he began his speeches sobbed like a blubbering boy. Plato's declaration that republics will be happy when philosophers rule or rulers philosophise, will not bear the test of history, which shows that of all statesmen those who fell into the hands of philosophers and men of letters were the greatest nuisances to their country. Of the two Catones, one kept the State in a fever by his insane *detractiones*; the other subverted Roman liberty, while he too unwisely defended it. Brutus, Cassius, and the Gracchi all furnish instances of the same truth, and Cicero was as mischievous to the Romans as Demosthenes to

the Athenians. M. Antoninus, admirable Emperor as he might have been (though even that is questionable), was unpopular because he was a philosopher, and he left behind him a son, who injured the State to a far greater degree than it had been benefited by his father. In fact, wise men generally have been unlucky in their offspring, as if nature had kindly provided that the poison of wisdom should not be allowed to propagate itself too far. Cicero's son was a degenerate being, and the children of Socrates resembled their mother more closely than their father. Lead a wise man to a feast, and he is anything but a boon companion; take him to some public amusement, and his face is a damper to the assembly; in his purchases and bargains he is more like a log than a man. The intruder who interrupted the performance of a play by pulling off the masks of the actors, and showing them all in their true colours, would deserve immediate expulsion; and the wise man who unmasks his fellows is a nuisance on a large scale. Human life is so subject to ills that it would be unendurable did not Folly sweeten it a little with ignorance, thoughtlessness, and oblivion, which operate so well that those who have the least reason for wishing to remain alive are the least anxious to die.

The philosopher who considers it a very wretched calamity to be enslaved by Folly utters a mere absurdity, inasmuch as this is the case with the bulk of the human race; and to pity a man because he is a fool is as absurd as to commiserate him because he cannot fly or walk on four legs. The different branches of science and learning (*disciplinae*), are in truth gifts of the dæmons, who should properly be called *δαιμονες*, or "knowing ones," and were without influence in the golden age. In that age all talked one language, so there was no need of grammar; no one disputed, so logic was not required; rhetoric and jurisprudence would have been equally superfluous. But when the golden age had passed away, learning came with other evils, one grammar alone being sufficient for the perpetual torture of life. As it is, those branches of knowledge which approach the nearest to common sense—that is, to folly (*quaes ad sensum communem, hoc est stultitiam, quam proxime accidunt*)—are most highly esteemed. Theologians starve, the professors of natural science (*physici*) shiver, astronomers are laughed at, logicians are slighted, but physicians thrive—*λαρπός γάρ ἀνήρ πολλών αντάξιος ἀλλαν*—and the more ignorant, daring, and reckless they are, the more they are prized. Next to the physicians come the lawyers.

The instinct of brute animals furnishes an argument against the utility of human wisdom. No philosopher ever founded a religion comparable to that of the bees, who do not even possess all the bodily senses. The horse, on the other hand, having allied himself more closely with man, is subject to all sorts of woes. Even among men, idiots and maniacs enjoy advantages unknown to the learned and the great. The swineherd was better off than *πολυμῆτης Οδυσσεῖς* to whom Homer gives the epithet *εὐτερηνος*, which he never applies to Paris, Ajax, or Achilles. Your thorough idiot, approaching the condition of the brute, is free from the annoyances of shame, ambition, envy, and love; not being a responsible agent, he is even incapable of sin; and not only is he always laughing himself, but, as a general object of derision, he is the cause of infinite mirth in others. In his capacity of Court-fool he is the delight of monarchs, to whom he may utter truths which would offend if spoken by the wise. His happy career over, he goes straight into the Elysian fields, without fear of death, there to recreate indolent souls with his sports. Let the sad, morose life of the wise man be compared with the career of this merry fool, and every advantage indubitably appears on the side of the latter. The argument that folly is miserable, inasmuch as it is a species of madness, is easily refuted. There are two kinds of madness—one sent from the infernal regions by the Furies, the other a pleasant aberration of mind. To this latter kind belongs the madness ascribed by Plato to poets and lovers, and it is well illustrated by the case of the infatuated Argive, mentioned in Horace's Epistle (ii. 2), who, quite sane in other respects, sat alone in the empty theatre, gratified by imaginary performances, and was grieved to the heart when cured of his charming illusions. For a miserable pauper to fancy himself a Cresus is manifestly a blessing, and when one madman laughs at another there is a general diffusion of enjoyment.

The chase, which is only a noble sort of butchery, the rage for building, the passion for dice, are all so many manifestations of folly, and are all sources of gratification. The same may be said of those external acts of piety by which many devotees expect to escape the penalties of a future state without renouncing their favourite vices. The votive offerings abundantly suspended in churches are so many proofs of the estimation in which folly is held by mankind, for whereas you may find gifts expressive of gratitude for escape from every variety of difficulty and disease, there is not a single testimonial of gratitude for an escape from folly. Suppose some spoil-sport of a sage came among the multitude of those happy fools who trust to the kind protection of saints, especially to that "Deipara Virgo, cui vulgus hominum plus prope tribuit quam Filio," and said to them—

Non male peribis si bene vixeris. Peccata redimis si nummulo addideris odium malefactorum, tum lachrymas, vigilias, precationes, jejunia, ac totam vitæ rationem commutaris. Divus hic tibi favet, si vitam illius emulaberis. What an amount of happiness would be destroyed by a discourse so importunate!

Different nations have their characteristic forms of folly, through the inspiration of Philautia:—

Jam vero video Naturam, ut singulis mortalibus suam, ita singulis nationibus, ac pene civitatis communem quædam insevisse philautiam;

atque hinc fieri ut Britanni, prater alia, formam, musicam, et lautas mensas perpera sibi vindicent; Scoti nobilitate et regie affinitatis titulo, neque non dialecticis argutis, sibi blandiantur; Galli morum civitatem sibi sumant; Parisienses theologiae scientias laudem, omnibus prope submotis, sibi peculiariter arrogent; Itali bonas literas et eloquentiam asserant, atque hoc nomine sibi suavissime blandiantur omnes, quod soli mortalium barbari non sunt. Quo quidem in genere felicitatis Romani primas tenent, ac veterem illam Romanam adhuc jucundissime somniant. Veneti nobilitatis opinio sunt felices. Graci, tanquam disciplinarum auctores, veteribus illis laudatorum herorum titulis esse venditant. Turca, totaque illa vere barbarorum colluvies, etiam religionis laudes sibi vindicat, Christianos perinde uti superstitionis irridens. Ac multo etiam suavius Iudei, etiam dum Messiam suum expectant, ac Mosen suum hodieque mordicus tenent. Hispani bellicam gloriam nulli concedunt. Germani corporum proceritate et magis cognitione sibi placent.

In distributing these national characteristics Folly is not speaking ironically, but merely enumerating the different forms of Philautia. And what an interesting survey we have of the state of the European mind at the very commencement of the sixteenth century! Spain was the great military Power; the Pope, as Hobbes considered him long afterwards, was a sort of ecclesiastical Roman Emperor; Paris, pre-eminently theological, then gloried in her Sorbonne; France generally had already established her reputation for politeness—thus, by way of anticipation, contradicting the opinion that she learned it from the *précieuses* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; the German proclivities have respectively been handed down by the tall grenadiers of Friedrich-Wilhelm and the metaphysics of the Post-Kantian philosophers; the Scot remains unchanged. As for the Englishman, his regard for personal appearance and his love of good-feeding are unchanged likewise; but he will now be astonished at his exceptional reputation for music. There is, however, no doubt that Erasmus, who knew England well, is correct with respect to the musical proficiency of our forefathers under the Tudors, inasmuch as this is proved in very full detail by Mr. W. Chappell, in his invaluable history of *Popular Music of the Olden Times*.

The important truth that it is not from things themselves, but from their opinion concerning them, however false, that men derive their chief felicity, furnishes a powerful proof of the utility of folly, and the benefit of flattery and self-love. Thus the gifts of Folly are scattered everywhere. Those who really possess superior endowments of mind and body are necessarily few, but those who believe that they possess them are, thanks to Folly, without number.

The fools are then divided into several classes, to be considered separately—grammarians, poets, jurists, philosophers, theologians, monks and friars, kings and princes, nobles, bishops, cardinals, and popes. Among the scholastic divines of the day, the Scotists are handled with marked severity, the subtle questions enumerated as follows evidently referring to the teachings of the eminent Scotist, William of Occam, though he is not mentioned as their author:—

Num quod instans in generatione divina? Num plures in Christo filiations? Num possibilis propositio, *Pater Deus odit Filium?* Num Deus poterit *suppositare* mulierem, num diabolum, num asinum, num eucurbatam, num silicem? Num quenadmodum eucurbata fuerit concionatura, editura miracula, figenda cruci? Et quid consecraset Petrus, si consecrasset eo tempore quo corpus Christi penderbat in cruce? Et num eadem tempore Christus homo dici poterit? Et num post resurrectionem edere aut bibere fas sit futurum, jam nunc faciem sitinque praevacantes?

The satire against persons in high places consists in a comparison between what the dignitaries are and what they ought to be. If kings and popes really understood the duties pertaining to their respective offices, they would not take so much trouble to obtain them, or, finding themselves possessed of them already, would feel sad under the weight of their responsibilities. Fortunately their wisdom does not extend so far, and thus they can thoroughly enjoy themselves, and promote the enjoyment of many others, who fatten on abuses. The conclusion of the discourse takes a more serious turn, Moria here vindicating her sacred character by the citation of St. Paul's assertion that the "foolishness of God is wiser than men," with corroborative texts.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that, in making Folly her own panegyrist, Erasmus falls into the inconsistency by which it is the doom of allegory to be always accompanied. Ostensibly the same person, the Moria who speaks in one part of the discourse is by no means identical with the Moria who holds forth in another. Sometimes she is the advocate of absolute idiocy or insanity; sometimes she would recommend that blissful ignorance of evil with which the *mens sana in corpore sano* is perfectly consistent; sometimes she is that practical common sense, of which we find a modern exponent in those persons who, by no means fools, doubt whether gentlemen of the calibre of Mr. J. S. Mill are fittingly placed in the House of Commons. But the enjoyment of a work so excellent, and the parent of many others excellent also, should not be impaired by a spirit of depreciatory criticism. Let it be accepted as the broad statement of the views of things in general taken by a man who had studied deeply and seen much, and in whom the attributes of the recluse scholar and the thorough man of the world were singularly combined, and it will be read with unmixed admiration.

STOKES' LIFE OF PETRIE.*

A LIFE of Dr. Petrie is a work to which we can give a hearty welcome. There are few classes of people to whom we take more kindly than to a rational Irish antiquary. The breed is rare;

* *The Life and Labours, in Art and Archaeology, of George Petrie, LL.D., M.R.I.A.* By William Stokes, M.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

the specimens are therefore the more precious when we come across them. And Petrie was distinctly the head of his order. He did a very great work, a work the importance of which in its own line can hardly be overvalued. He brought reason and evidence to bear on a subject which had hitherto been given up to wild guessing and extravagant speculation. A goodly band has since arisen to walk in his steps, but Petrie was undoubtedly the beginner. A self-taught man, working for a long time well nigh alone, and with very little in the way either of books or of men to guide him, he may sometimes have come to hasty conclusions. But no one who knows the difference between Petrie and the Irish antiquaries who went before him will ever be inclined to be harsh on any points where they may think that Petrie's views will not stand the test of the most recent criticism. We say this because we have seen in some English antiquaries a certain tendency to undervalue the greatness of Petrie's services to antiquarian knowledge. The work he did was such as has seldom fallen to the lot of one man to do; and, compared with the gigantic fabric of error which he overthrew, any slips of his own—supposing such slips to be very many more than we believe them to be—are the merest dust in the balance.

Petrie is best known in England, and no doubt in Ireland too, from the work on which his fame will doubtless always mainly rest—his magnificent volume on the Round Towers and the other early ecclesiastical remains in Ireland. But we hardly knew, till we learned it from Professor Stokes' book, how varied his studies and attainments were. He was not only devoted to the study of antiquities of every kind, but he was also a painter and a musician; indeed it was as a painter that he began life. As for his musical tastes, those he contrived to turn into a branch of his antiquarian studies by diligently collecting the old national songs and airs of Ireland. That he was versed in the Irish language and the Irish national chronicles we need not say, because such knowledge is taken for granted throughout his great inquiry, and it indeed lies at the root of the whole thing. While other people were simply speculating and talking nonsense, Petrie had set to work in the right way, with the proper combination of indoor and outdoor study, to see every ancient relic with his own eyes, and to compare what he saw with his eyes with what he read in his books. He thus established, what no sane person now doubts, the real origin and object of the Round Towers. To those who have taken a wide view of the history of architecture there never could have been any doubt as to the matter. But, before Petrie's time, there were not in any country many critical students of architecture as a branch of history; in Ireland there were perhaps none at all. The few who were qualified to judge had not studied Irish antiquities, and those who professed to have studied Irish antiquities simply gave the reins to their fancy. The wonderful thing is that Petrie, whose studies were very local, and who had not given much attention to anything out of Ireland, should have known how to set about the work as he did, with such perfect patience and sobriety and in such a thorough critical spirit. While other people babbled about fire-worship, phallic worship, every conceivable absurdity on the face of the earth, Petrie simply showed by the evidence of records what the Round Towers really were. They were simply belfries, standing detached from their churches, and used, as church towers were used more or less in all parts of the world, for various secondary purposes. The circumstances of the country made defences a matter of special moment even for ecclesiastical buildings; the towers therefore were made more strictly defensive than was usual in more settled countries, though certainly not more so than was usual in Pembrokeshire at a much later time. All this Petrie demonstrated by incontestable evidence. Now an architectural student of wider range would most likely have come to Petrie's conclusions without going all through Petrie's evidence. A comparative archaeologist would adopt Petrie's views on the Round Towers instinctively. Still it is a great thing to have the matter thoroughly worked out as a matter of evidence. It is a great thing in itself, and it is a still greater thing with regard to objectors. If the unlearned and unbelieving are to be convinced at all, they are much more likely to be convinced by such a laborious testing of evidence as Petrie's than by the instinctive perception of the comparative archaeologist. To them this perception would seem simply a guess, like their own guesses, differing from their own guesses only in being prosaic and unattractive. Indeed many of the unlearned and unbelieving abide to this day as stiff-necked as ever, in the teeth of all that Petrie has done. Mr. Keene and his Cuthites offer a memorable example indeed. Professor Stokes is naturally moved to a righteous wrath at what he calls the "desecration" of employing Petrie's own drawings and engravings to illustrate a book in which Irish archaeology has been flung back into the slough out of which Petrie raised it.

On the other hand, we have seen now and then, and we have always seen with regret, a disposition among a few English antiquaries to undervalue Petrie's researches. Our own belief is that, taking his work as a whole, Petrie could have stood his ground against any man; but undoubtedly he had his weak points, and he made his occasional slips like other people. A wide view of things, a range of study less exclusively confined to Ireland, would undoubtedly have been an advantage to him. The wonderful thing, as we before said, is that, working within so narrow a range, his work was of the high character which it always bears. No doubt he often gives his buildings dates a good deal too early for them; he sometimes falls into the common error of mistaking the

foundation of a church or monastery for the date of the erection of the present building. Indeed it appears from his Life that he latterly admitted that his dates in some cases were too early. But, if Petrie has now and then slipped in detail, we still maintain that his system is sound as a whole against both classes of adversaries, and that he was himself far more logical and critical than either of them. We have often said to English objectors who complained that Petrie put a building in the eighth or ninth century which they would have put in the eleventh or twelfth—"Never mind; your difference is a very slight one; remember that Petrie is fighting against people who put them in the eleventh or twelfth century the other way." Antiquarian research has undoubtedly advanced since Petrie began to work, and certainly no one man has done more towards its advance than Petrie himself. Some improvements might no doubt be made in detail if his work could now be gone through again by some competent person; but we feel sure that such an examination would leave his main positions very much where they are now. Most of the objections made to his system are decidedly captious, and they often rest on mere misconceptions of the authorities quoted on their behalf. For instance, Petrie holds that there were stone buildings, and even ornamental stone buildings, in Ireland long before the English Conquest in the twelfth century. We should also say long before that imitation of foreign work which, in Ireland as in England, went before the actual foreign invasion. Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel holds a place in Irish architectural history analogous to that which Edward the Confessor's work at Westminster holds in England. We are told that the Irish did not build in stone till the eleventh century, and that nobody anywhere could use the chisel till late in the twelfth century; but we have shown in former articles that these views are founded on utter misconceptions of the passages of St. Bernard and of Gervase which are quoted in their support. Again, Giraldus—who, by the way, Professor Stokes somewhat oddly speaks of as Cambrensis without any name—distinctly speaks of the round towers as an ancient custom in his days. It proves nothing to show—what there is no doubt of—that there are few round towers as late as Giraldus's own time, or even later. The witness of Giraldus, to say nothing of all the other evidence, shows that the erection of these later round towers was simply the retention, possibly the revival, of a custom which had been in use ages before. In the Appendix will be found some remarks of Petrie's in answer to Mr. Parker, in which he holds his ground on some of these points well and successfully.

The life of Petrie was, as might be expected, not an eventful or exciting one; his biography is almost wholly a record of his labours with the pen and the pencil. He was born in Dublin in the year 1789, and he died in the same city in 1866. Though his birth was Irish, his descent was Scotch, both his parents having migrated from the younger to the elder Scotia. He was a painter and an antiquary from his youth, almost from his childhood. His profession as a landscape-painter gave him great opportunities in the antiquarian way, of which he made the best advantage from the very beginning. Professor Stokes gives us large extracts from the journals in which Petrie recorded his early tours, and though the style is sometimes a little too highfrown, they are valuable and interesting, as showing how early he began to exercise his powers of observation and criticism. He thus received, though at his own hands, a real antiquarian education. As Professor Stokes pointedly says, "He did not take up the pursuit in middle life, as is the case with so many *dilettanti* antiquarians whose minds in their youth have had no preparation for the study." For purely Irish matters—and Petrie commonly kept himself to purely Irish matters—this was really a very good education. For wider inquiries a more general culture would have been needed. Like other people, he broke down when he went beyond his proper beat, as when he dreamed of Greek colonies in Ireland in some remote mythical time. Still, after all, we may call the error a comparatively slight one, as Aryans of any kind may count as brethren in opposition to the Phoenicians, Scythians, Buddhists, daughters of Pharaoh, and other strange persons whom the pre-scientific school thought fit to quarter on the Green Isle.

Petrie's first literary efforts were made in the pages of several local periodicals, such as the *Irish Penny Journal* and the *Dublin Penny Journal*—periodicals which, though extinct, are still known to antiquaries on the strength of his contributions and those of a few others like-minded with himself. He had much to do with the Topographical Department of the Irish Ordnance Survey and with the Royal Irish Academy. It was out of a prize offered by this last body that his great work arose. He seems never to have been on the Continent, and his visits to Great Britain were not frequent. They were made mainly to investigate points connected with his Irish studies, as when he went to see the two Scotch round towers at Brechin and Abernethy. His last visit to Great Britain seems to have been in 1849, when he, and several other distinguished Irish antiquaries, attended the Cambrian Archaeological meeting at Cardiff, held under the presidency of his intimate friend Lord Adare, now Earl of Dunraven. He there took part in a discussion on cromlechs, which he was surprised to find that some—by no means all—of the Welsh antiquaries still looked on as Druidical altars. Petrie, it seems, was one of the first to make out for himself, before the Danish scholars had taken up the matter—at any rate before their researches were generally known—that the cromlechs were simply graves. This, again, considering the general state of opinion on such matters when he began his work, was a sign of no small accuracy of observation and independence of thought.

Personally Petrie seems to have been in every way excellent and delightful. He was the centre of a circle of attached friends, most of them men of kindred pursuits with his own. And that circle has grown into a school, which still has a work to do and enemies to contend against. It will be with pride and reverence that that school will always look back to Petrie as the founder of rational archaeology in Ireland.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.*

IN many an old Italian city there is a half-forgotten public library, which the natives carefully avoid, and to which strangers do not often resort. Now and then some enthusiastic scholar may pay it an unexpected visit, and ransack its seldom molested stores, but during the long intervals between such rare invasions its volumes stand tranquilly upon their shelves, its papers lie undisturbed in their cases. And yet there is much that is curious to be seen in these old cemeteries of learning, and much may be learnt by any one who will consult their relics aright. Even if no great results arise from his researches, if no startling discoveries throw a flood of light on one of the dark places of history, the hours which he has spent in an old library of this description will seldom appear to have been wasted. There, in the shade and quiet which are seldom troubled by the glare and noise of the outer world, he will at least experience the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted with the former life of the city which spreads around him, and over the ancient chronicles of which he is poring. And if he afterwards publishes a history of that city, he will possess the obvious advantage of having some real knowledge of the subject on which he writes. The book which is now before us appears to owe its existence to one of the unfrequent visits we have mentioned. Mr. Gilbert seems to have spent some time in consulting the public records of Ferrara, and especially those which have reference to the life and times of Lucrezia Borgia, and his labour has resulted in a curious picture of the city as it was between three and four centuries ago, and a very interesting study of the character of a princess who has hitherto found but few champions. The idea originally thrown out by Mr. Roscoe, in his *Dissertation on the Character of Lucretia Borgia*, has been fully worked out by Mr. Gilbert, who has at least succeeded in proving that the beautiful toxicologist of the stage has very little in common with the Lucrezia Borgia of history.

Mr. Gilbert's efforts are mainly confined to drawing the picture of the life led by Lucrezia after her marriage with the Duke of Ferrara. In doing this he has placed great reliance on her letters, of which there are no fewer than 339 "at present extant in different public libraries or private collections in Italy." They extend over a period of nineteen years, beginning a little before her marriage, and ending a fortnight before her death. On nine of these, addressed to the celebrated Pietro Bembo, a charge has been founded against her of infidelity to her husband; but this seems to Mr. Gilbert manifestly unfair. And at all events, he says, among all the other letters there is not one from which a line can be quoted to her prejudice, while most of them speak highly in her praise. Some of them contain appeals for mercy on behalf of condemned criminals; others show her solicitude for the interests of the sick poor. Many of them are written to her husband, describing in an affectionate style little matters of family interest, about the health of her children and other similar affairs, such as would seem to prove that she was a good mother, and a woman true to feminine instincts and feelings. Others are to her husband's father and sister, by both of whom she was greatly beloved—a fact which of itself goes far to show that she was not as black as she has been painted. Throughout these letters, or at least in those with which we are ourselves acquainted, there seems to manifest itself a kindly and affectionate spirit, as well as the tone of piety, unmixed with bigotry, on which Mr. Gilbert lays great stress. It is impossible to read them without forming an idea of their writer as a woman of great intelligence and ability, in her public capacity evidently a large-minded ruler, in her private life apparently an affectionate wife and mother. When we add to the evidence afforded by her own letters the favourable testimony of some of the most celebrated writers of the day, we must at least allow that Mr. Gilbert's scepticism with regard to her depravity is not altogether unwarrantable. It is difficult to consider that woman a monster of crime of whom Ariosto says that Rome ought to prefer the modern Lucrezia to the Lucrezia of antiquity, as well in modesty as in beauty, and to whom, as the most worthy of women, he gives the first niche in the temple erected to female excellence in the *Orlando Furioso*; whom all the historians of Ferrara mention in terms of the highest praise; than whom Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera, says he never knew "a more amiable, virtuous, or pious woman"; and to whose merits, speaking some years after her death, Aldo Manuzio bears this striking testimony:—

What might not I say of her piety towards God, of her charity towards the poor, of her beneficence to those about her, of her justice to all? The marvel was what an amount of misery she had been able to alleviate by the ministers of her bounty; what prudence she had exhibited in the transaction of public business and in the administration of justice; what care she had evinced in giving to all what appeared to be their due, so governing her State as to have the good rewarded, the evil-doers punished, and having affairs so well conducted in the Senate as to exhibit to her subjects the most excellent judgment and the greatest acuteness of intellect.

* *Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara. A Biography. Illustrated by Rare and Unpublished Documents. By William Gilbert, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1869.*

The wonder is, if her merits were really so great, how she could ever have been made the subject of the horrible charges which have rendered her very name infamous. One explanation that may be given is, that her father and brother were so terribly depraved and so bitterly detested that she, as their relative, was recklessly charged with crimes fearful even to think of, and was readily believed to be guilty of them. She was a Borgia; therefore to be attacked. She was the daughter of Alexander VI.; therefore she must be corrupt. She was the sister of Cesare Borgia; therefore she must have been in the habit, when in wrath, of instantaneously killing by a sweetmeat or a flower or a glove; or, when vexed, of swiftly turning vigorous youth into decrepit old age by a single draught of cunningly doctored wine.

If Pontano and Saunazarro are to be believed, Lucrezia Borgia was the vilest of women; but they were not only poets, but also faithful subjects and admirers of the princeps of that House of Aragon which the Pope had betrayed, so it is not wonderful that they should have attacked the whole Borgia family. It is true that the gravest of their charges is also to be found in Guicciardini, but it has been already pointed out by Mr. Madden that the accusation does not appear in the earlier editions of his work. What throws most discredit on the testimony of the poets is the fact that it is not supported by that of Burchard, whose official position in the palace made him better aware than any one else of what the Borgias were doing, and who hated the Pope and his family so much that he would have been delighted to side with Lucrezia's poetic enemies if their verses had been in accordance with the prose of fact. As it is, although he says nothing of the particular crimes they mention, one of the chief blots on her character is derived from his pen; that is to say, if he really wrote the well-known description of the orgy which preceded Lucrezia's marriage with Alfonso d'Este—an orgy which Mr. Gilbert thinks never existed except in the diseased imagination of some hater of the Borgias.

Lucrezia was certainly educated in a very bad school. During the period in which she was growing up to womanhood Rome was in a fearful state. Murder was then a very commonplace affair. The witness who saw the body of the Duke of Ganda flung into the Tiber excused himself for his silence on the subject by saying that he had seen a hundred dead bodies pitched into the river in his time, and therefore did not attach much importance to any particular corpse. The Pope and his son Cesare ruled with unrelenting severity. For a contemptuous gesture or an angry word they would have a man strangled or drowned without the slightest compunction. Sometimes, it is true, they refrained from killing, but their mercy was far from complete. A man was once seen pointing his finger at Cesare Borgia. For this crime he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison, "where his finger was struck off, and tied to the iron bars of the jail window, as a warning to others to be less demonstrative." Another misguided person not only pointed his finger rudely at the Duke, but even spoke of him without respect. "The man was arrested, and both his finger and tongue were amputated, and exhibited by being tied to the bars of the prison window." It would have been strange if Lucrezia's family had been anything but unpopular among the Romans, or if she had escaped being involved in the hatred which at least her father and her brother justly deserved.

But in Ferrara she found herself in a very different position from that which she had occupied in Rome. Her husband was deservedly popular, and she herself soon acquired the respect and even the affection of his subjects. During the years she lived there no scandal sullied her fair fame, and neither her husband nor any of his relatives seem to have had reason to be displeased with her behaviour. When she died he seems to have felt her loss acutely. "I cannot write without the tears coming into my eyes," he says in a letter to his nephew, "so sad is it to find myself deprived of so amiable and good companion; so dear was she to me, not only from her excellent life, but from the tender love which existed between us." And there is good reason for believing that his sorrow was shared by the inhabitants of Ferrara, to whom she had endeared herself by the exercise of virtues which seem strangely inconsistent with the vices with which her name is generally associated.

Mr. Gilbert has done good service in carefully investigating the evidence on which the charges rest which have been brought against her, and his researches are likely to produce the more effect, inasmuch as their results have been described in a manner likely to prove generally interesting. His clear and unaffected style is admirably fitted for biography, and the chapters which are devoted to Lucrezia's life tell its story exceedingly well. Unfortunately their sequence is broken by the introduction of such long accounts of Ferrara and its inhabitants that the thread of the narrative sometimes vanishes entirely out of sight. Not that these pictures of Ferrara life are uninteresting; on the contrary, they contain much that is curious and attractive; but they seem somewhat too numerous, and too minute in detail, for insertion in a memoir.

Some of the regulations which prevailed at Ferrara in Lucrezia's time might be advantageously put in force among ourselves. For instance, not only was begging prohibited in the streets, but those who encouraged beggars were punished. "For the first offence the mendicant was imprisoned, and for the second flogged, while any person detected in the act of giving him money was fined two scudi." It appears also that "the punishment for the offence of selling bread under the just weight was a severe fine for

the first offence, and imprisonment with flogging for the second," which probably kept small traders awake to the necessity of having their weights in due order. In fact all kinds of offenders seem to have been somewhat severely punished, from a forgetful guardian of the castle clock to such a criminal as that Madonna Laura who was immured in a cell but a few feet square, in which there was no aperture except the small window through which she received her food, and there confined until she died. So ingenious, indeed, were the contrivers of these punishments that some Ferrarese historians claim for their city the honour of having been the first to use the guillotine. Certainly there is an execution mentioned of one Giuseppe Ariani, in which "the executioner pulled a cord and the knife fell." One of the strangest offences mentioned in the annals of the city is that alleged to have been committed by a certain physician, who "was strongly suspected of adulterating his vipers." It seems he supplied a great many for the benefit of the plague-stricken in one of the hospitals, the accounts of the institution containing such entries as "For 21 vipers, comprising three dead, bought in Bologna at 7 soldi apiece; and for the carriage of the same," &c. A still stranger entry occurs a little further on. "For 4320 scorpions at 25 soldi the hundred," &c. The plague made great ravages in Ferrara, and numerous documents relating to it exist in the archives of the city, one of them containing an entry which speaks well for the care exercised by the rulers of the city, being an account of a reward paid to a certain notary for many things he had done, and, among others, for "carrying daily a report of the progress the plague was making, as well as of the condition of the sick, to the illustrious Duke, or his consort the Duchess Lucrezia." The land also appears to have been afflicted about the same time by a plague of poets, who "were as plentiful in the city as frogs in the meadows surrounding it." Eventually the sufferings of the people reached such a pitch that the Duke sold off the whole of his silver plate and his rich furniture, and Lucrezia, who was now in her thirty-fifth year, "and therefore at a time of life when a woman is apt to have great faith in the value of dress," pledged all her jewels in order to relieve the distresses of her people.

This sacrifice was the greater inasmuch as personal ornament was specially sought after in those days. Mr. Gilbert has given some interesting extracts from various works relating to the extravagance and the eccentric notions of taste which then prevailed in dress. Some of the patterns and devices then adopted seem not a little strange, as, for instance, in the case of the lady who wore "a robe on which were embroidered no fewer than six hundred figures exemplifying different episodes in the life of Christ." It appears, from a tract published at Ferrara about the beginning of the sixteenth century, that ladies were in the habit of making free use of such cosmetics as powder of white mushrooms, powdered candied sugar, dark powder for colouring the eyelids, powders of white and red coral, and powdered talc, "the latter being mixed as a sparkling for the hair." The tract also contains several recipes for turning black hair to a gold or yellow colour. Perhaps the most striking documents quoted in relation to dress are those which relate how Leonello, Marquis of Ferrara, attempted to curtail the trains worn in his time by ladies. Not only did he issue an edict prohibiting trains "which, when a lady stood upright, could be stretched out more than half a yard from her heels," but he invented a plan to enable fathers and brothers to give information against their wives and sisters, or daughters, without being detected. For this purpose a box was placed at the entrance of the cathedral, with a slit in the lid through which anonymous denunciations against ladies who wore their trains too long might be safely slipped.

That Mr. Gilbert will succeed in amusing and interesting his readers may be safely predicted. Whether he will be able to alter the world's verdict in reference to the character of Lucrezia Borgia is a very different question. It is hard to stem the current of general aversion. And in the court of popular opinion the "devil's advocates" are listened to more readily than the promoters of a canonization. Moreover, an honest indignation will not readily consent to become sceptical on the subject of the great crimes of history. And whatever may be the effect produced by Mr. Gilbert in the study, it can but in few instances serve to counterbalance the influence of the fatal confessions which Lucrezia herself has been made to utter on the stage.

MAXIMS BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.*

IN a paper entitled "To Persons about to Find Themselves Famous" the author of this little volume remarks that there is not in these times much demand for essays. Their day, he thinks, is gone by. "People prefer to think for themselves on this and that subject, and do not desire other men's 'views' upon them." How far this assertion may be true in a purely commercial point of view we will not inquire; but it is a bold assertion to make in a volume which, though nominally devoted to "maxims," is really a series of essays. Shall we condemn the author out of his own mouth? He has given us not a little provocation, for which we are half inclined to take revenge. A young author, he assures us, regards a critic exactly as a barrister regards an attorney—"he despises him from the bottom of his heart, but he pays him the most respectful court." The writer is evidently not a young author, but he seems scarcely to have purified his

* *Maxims by a Man of the World.* By the Author of "Lost Sir Messingberd." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

mind from the resentments instilled into it at some earlier period. He pays our craft, it is true, an ironical compliment to the effect that he knows "no critical organ which he does not reverence and admire for their sterling honesty and excellent taste"; but we fancy he comes nearer to a genuine expression of feeling, though of course he is still speaking jocosely, when he excepts from his compliment one or two critics "whom I may dismiss with the observation that they are malignant and contemptible idiots." Nay, he goes a step further, and ventures to speak of the *Saturday Review* by name, with a levity, if not a positive disapproval, scarcely expedient in one about to appear before that critical tribunal. If, therefore, we gave way to a natural feeling of resentment, we should be able to retort easily upon our assailant. People, we might observe, do not desire the "views" of the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* upon marriage, love, money, friendship, children, and other similar subjects. If we wish for reflections upon such topics we may go to Solomon, or to the various wise men who have discussed them in the English and other languages for some centuries past. Are not the very titles we have quoted taken almost *verbatim* from the titles of some of Bacon's Essays, and does the writer think that it requires the acuteness and fiendish malignity of the *Saturday Reviewer* of his imagination to discover that there is a wide interval between Bacon and the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*? The day for such things, we might repeat, is gone by; essays, maxims, or whatever you may please to call them, are old-fashioned methods of composition, and it is as hopeless to restore the literary fashions suitable to the days of the *Spectator* as it would be to bring back our great-grandmothers' hoops.

Nothing could prevent us from taking this line of argument, and summarily judging the "Man of the World" out of his own mouth, except the consideration that it is not founded in fact. Our great-grandmothers' hoops, to use our own illustration, returned upon us with certain modifications only the other day; and, in spite of the suicidal assertion of the author, essays upon social and moral topics have by no means gone out of fashion. Rather we wonder at the public appetite for a kind of literature which in magazines is stigmatized as "padding," but which certainly composes some very popular volumes. So long as we have such essayists as Mr. Helps and "A.K.H.B.," to mention no others, it cannot be said that there is no market for essays upon general subjects; and as the author's practice contradicts his theory, we may presume that he would not too eagerly dispute the assertion. He will probably admit without much reluctance that his literary wares are not to be summarily rejected as belonging to an unsaleable class, although he may possibly differ from our estimate of their value. To settle this point satisfactorily we ought to know what people want in an essay. Why should any one desire to read a few remarks upon love or marriage or sickness? Do we not, generally speaking, lay in a tolerable supply of moralizing once a week that we are so anxious to make up possible deficiencies by the study of lay sermons? When a gentleman proposes to abolish marriage, or to introduce polygamy, he may claim the merit of comparative novelty; though he must make haste, however wild may be his theories, if he would not be anticipated. But can any human being throw any light upon love considered in the abstract? Certainly, if it were necessary for a writer to do so before presuming to rush into print on the subject, the essayist must be either a profound philosopher or a presumptuous impostor. Fortunately there is no such necessity. It is true, as the "Man of the World" remarks, that "to write well and strikingly upon what is already well known is given to very few folks indeed," and we might once more condemn him out of his own mouth. Yet it is also true that people have an amazing appetite for reading their own commonplace thoughts, if put into a tolerably graceful style, and enforced by a few appropriate anecdotes. It is beyond our present purpose to inquire into the remote causes of this singular propensity; and we may assume it to be an ultimate fact in human nature that mankind enjoys this simple intellectual food, if it is only dished up with a certain amount of culinary dexterity. All that seems to be strictly necessary is that the commonplaces thus treated should be sufficiently disguised not to strike us as obtrusively commonplace. If we ruthlessly boiled down any of these, or most similar essays, we should find that essentially they came to very little. Half of them would turn out to be a kind of literary "water-bewitched"—some obvious truism properly expanded and garnished with a sufficient commentary. The other half would be similarly reduced to the paradoxes which are the reverse of those truisms. Yet, simple as the process sounds, it doubtless requires a good deal of skill in manipulation. Essayists generally have so little to say, that much depends upon the neatness with which they put it. A man has, we will suppose, to prove, in a score of pages, that honesty is the best policy; or, like the "Man of the World," to illustrate the proposition that "marriage is the crucible of love." If he desires to be piquant more than to be improving, he will perhaps demonstrate the reverse of these truths, and show that honesty is the worst policy, or that marriage produces love instead of testing it. The first man who hit upon the truism about honesty must have been a man of genius, for he has succeeded in making many generations repeat his phrase till it has become wearisome. He compressed into five words a thought at which generations had been hammering without making it into an epigram. The reverse process may be similarly exemplified. When somebody at last succeeded, after many failures, in concocting the epigram that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, he invented one of the

happiest witticisms that have ever been uttered. Yet all he had to do was to put into a formula the reverse of an intolerable truism. The imperfect attempts at uttering this phrase which have been discovered by the curiosity of later generations beautifully exemplify the extreme difficulty of making a really telling epigram. The business of the essayist is the reverse of this; he takes a platitude, and expands it into a disquisition; he resembles a sculptor who should repeat on a large scale the carving on a gem; or, more accurately, if more prosaically, he is like the cook who makes a savoury compound from a diminutive packet of portable soup. The epigram is the essence of art; and the essay is the dilution, which, for some purposes, is of more easy consumption.

Hence it would be absurd to condemn an essay on the ground that it, after all, says very little, and that that little is very old. If the threadbare text is expanded with due felicity, and made into an artistic whole, the writer has done all that can be demanded of him. He ought not, indeed, to give us blank commonplace, but we should be content if he sustains himself, though at a very small distance, just above the level of platitude. We might easily find fault with the "Man of the World," who is fonder of the essay founded upon simple platitude than of the cynical variety which starts from a paradox. He is accordingly rather apt to fall into downright commonplaces and to deal in that oppressive goodness and "geniality" which inspired Mr. Dickens's Christmas Books. "Next to a good wife," he tells us, "a good friend is the very best thing to be got." "A husband soon gets tired of the pretty artifices which pleased him as a lover." "Sacrifice nothing to appearances." These, and other little remarks which it would be easy enough to select, are not only true, but we might also say, disgustingly true. They are the raw material cropping up where we ought to have the manufactured article; the bare canvass showing where we only want embroidery. It is doubtless difficult in treating such subjects to avoid an occasional drop into the flattest prose, but the author is here a little abusing his privilege. For the most part, however, his remarks are pleasantly put and neatly illustrated, with a pleasant sprinkling of humour. The most unaccountable circumstance to us is that they should have been described as "a Man of the World." The device rather resembles that by which tracts are sometimes distributed in envelopes holding out a promise of impropriety. We take up the book expecting to see some harsh and bitter criticisms upon human nature and society. To our surprise, we find ourselves talking to an amiable gentleman very fond of quiet family life, strongly attached to children, attached to the clergy, and with only one strong prejudice, which is apt to crop out at intervals without much reason, to the effect that the House of Lords is an effete and foolish institution. Indeed, the author is obliged to admit that he uses the title of "Man of the World" in a non-natural sense.

It is difficult to give any specific account of essays which are principally amplifications of well-known maxims, unless we to indulge in long quotations. It is better to say simply that people who have time for such reading will find them pleasantly written, and, unless they are closely connected with the peerage, thoroughly inoffensive. Even a peer need not take the jibes directed against his order very much to heart. Probably it will survive several such assaults. There are, however, two or three essays touching upon more special subjects which we may command to all whom it may concern. Persons interested in Universities and public schools may discover what is the view taken of them by one of the reprobate—by a gentleman, that is, who has gone through the usual course, and has only learnt to hate Latin verses with a bitter intensity, to detest even the classical authors generally, and to announce boldly the opinion that the *Seven against Thebes* is "as windy, worthless, and idealess a composition as exists." He has also learnt two small classical jokes, which he "values exceedingly," on the ground that they cost him a thousand pounds apiece—being, in his opinion, the net result of an education which amounted to that sum. The writer is eager to a sure us that this opinion is not the result of any antipathy to poetry or literature as such, for he is an ardent admirer of Shelley, Shakespeare, and other great men, whose compositions did not enter into his course of instruction. It is merely, he thinks, the natural result of the stupid blundering system which makes our education generally a hollow mockery and sham. We forbear to inquire into the precise value of this argument, and will content ourselves with commanding to the attention of Mr. Farrar and similar radical reformers the fact that a gentleman who can write good English, and is not without strong literary tastes, can speak with a certain personal antipathy of our whole educational course, as an intolerable grievance. We decline to ask whether it is the fault of our schools and Universities, or of the "author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*," that they disagree so decidedly with each other.

KING AND MUNRO'S HORACE.*

THE real student and the mere man of taste will each find a treasure in King and Munro's *Horace*. But, as is just, the worker will get the lion's share of it. The virtuoso will feast on wood engravings reproducing upon paper the actual effects of the glyptic art, will inspect without quitting his library the varied riches

* *Q. Horatii Flacci Opera*, Illustrated from Antiqua Gemis by C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. The Text revised, with an Introduction, by H. A. J. Munro, M.A., Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge. London: Bell & Daldy. 1869.

of the Beverley, Blacas, Paris, Berlin, Roman and British gem-collections, will assess the marketable value of this or that rare cameo or intaglio, and snatch a new sensation from signets that may have graced the finger of Menander or Aspasia. But the thorough-going scholar will reap more tangible fruit, while he not only feeds his eyes and informs his mind with the actual shapes of things known to him hitherto only by word and in imperfect conceptions, but also finds the text which these shapes illustrate soundly revised, and prefaced with a lucid and masterly introduction from the pen of one whose name rises first to every tongue when we speculate who shall be the first Cambridge Latin Professor. It is but natural to attach most value to these latter points; and never was inquirer less in danger of disappointment than when he seeks, in the text now given, definite views as to readings and orthography, and, in the introduction, clear grounds for those views, as well as a *modum in parvo* of curious and convincing criticism. Still the sternest iconoclast would be sorry to lose the gems wherewith Mr. King has illustrated the pages of his Horace, after once discerning the singular light they throw upon the text, and realizing their close connexion with the history, antiquities, and mythology of Rome as it was to Horace. Mr. King bases the claim of his edition to higher favour than met a century ago the beautiful copperplate vignettes of Pine's Horace, and the various followers in Pine's lead from that time till the present, upon his having limited himself to "the resources of the glyptic art alone," and not availed himself of medals or fancy-designs to help out a complete set of gem-subjects elucidatory of his text. "All persons," he writes, "conversant with ancient art are aware that engraved gems filled exactly the same place in the Roman world as prints on paper do in the modern; all subjects,

Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,

being embodied in their medium, and by means of impressions circulated all over the empire. No theme was too high or too low for their scope; the profoundest mysteries of religion, and the broadest caricature, imperial majesty and the puffs of a quack doctor, with every other expression of the various feelings of our nature, claimed gems for their exponents." Acting upon this knowledge, Mr. King has secured the highest skill in wood-engraving for the production, not of "reduced copies of other copies," but of veritable "subjects drawn after the originals," which originals are furthermore culled from the vastly augmented stores that enrich the present generation. He deserves all the credit of having struck out an independent and definite path of illustration, untrdden or only partially trodden hitherto, and having pursued it with a tact and spirit which must command success. Perhaps it scarcely comes within the range of average scholars to have more than general ideas about Phidias and Apelles. The history of the ancient art of engraving on precious stones, with the names of its foremost professors, is but beginning to be popularized by the interesting researches of Mr. King. But its application to Horace is an idea which none will fail to appreciate, after having once tested its curious resources of illustration. It supplies in cameos and intaglios, chiefly used for signets, a contemporary portrait gallery; a commentary on Greek and Roman mythology; an "illustrated companion" to the implements, usages, and fashions of classical antiquity. Where could be seen a finer show of the historical and literary Romans of the Augustan period, or of the Greek philosophers, mostly indeed from gems of imperial Rome, but still entitled to the credit of authenticity, because copied probably from contemporary statues? Among the philosophers, however, the "confronted busts of Socrates and Plato" represent a gem of exceptional rarity, being, Mr. King tells us (Sat. II. iv. A, pp. 286 and 446), a work of the best period of Greek art, and presenting what Visconti pronounced wellnigh indiscernable—a genuine portrait of Plato. Other portrait-gems curiously illustrate individual weaknesses. That of Aristippus (Epist. I. xvii. A) bespeaks, by "bostruzized" hair and beard, philosophic courtier who thought it worth while *principibus placuisse viris*; and the Numidian Juba (Od. I. xxii. A), from Mr. Maskelyne's electroypes, seems to have set no less store on being, as Cicero described him, *bene capitulus*. Among historic personages, Mark Antony, at the head of Od. I. xxxvii., seems by his "massy features" to claim that Heraclid lineage which he so much affected, and at Od. III. xvi. A, Perseus, the last of Macedonian Kings, asserts his descent from his fabulous and Jove-born namesake, by a winged petasus, tipped with an eagle's head. At the head of the first ode of the Second Book, the "Julium Sidus" in the field fixes a date to the noble profile of Julius Caesar, and elsewhere the likenesses of Augustus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Livia, and Julia present these personages as vividly to the scholar, as the portrait exhibitions at South Kensington brought students of English literature and history face to face with their heroes and worthies.

If we turn to mythology, there is no lack in Mr. King's pages of varied illustration of its legends—some in the grotesqueness of early Pelasgic and Etruscan art, others in the "pure, perfect forms of mature Hellenic schools," and others again in "the flowing and languid elegance of the Decline." The feats of Hercules crossing the Styx and about to muffle Cerberus (I. iii. B), and voyaging in a raft upborne by empty amphores, with his lion-skin for sail and his club for rudder (I. vii. B) are both Etruscan; and so indeed is Nessus grasping Deianira, the headpiece to episode iii., wherein the Centaur's figure has the forelegs of a man, the original conception of the semi-equine form, which more refined Greek

taste superseded with the human bust, completing the usual horse's figure. A very curious contrast between the Etruscan and Greek treatment of the same subject is pointed to in p. 143 and p. 154. In the latter page will be seen a Sisyphus conceived in the matter-of-fact Etruscan style, and in the former the same mythic personage performing his "up-hill" task according to perfected Greek style. In this all is natural enough. But in p. 154, a squared block is being lifted up the steps of a pyramid, which is destined to fall as soon as completed. Mr. King notes hereupon that the subjects of King Porsena, whose tomb is described in Plin. (N. H. xxxvi. 19), might be excused for taking pyramid-building as the best expression of "labour in vain."

Of the finished Greek school and style are "Apollo Musagetes" (I. xxxii. A); Ariadne, a beautiful head from the Berlin collection (II. xi. B); and Venus *robing herself*, an exquisite gem from Mr. Maskelyne's collection, said by Mr. King to have been probably a signet of Aspasia's class and date, and suggesting provokingly the high antiquity of crinolines. In the same book we are charmed by a graceful engraving of Atalanta, the gauzy texture of whose drapery shows the perfect symmetry of the Greek figure. One or two glyptic monuments claim, as Mr. King teaches us, a very far antiquity. The "Stork in its Flight" (Ode II. xx. A), bearing the genuine signature of Dexamenos the Chian, is proved, by the letters being read from right to left, to belong to a date prior to Herodotus. A beautiful nymph kneeling beside her pitcher, and identified by the tympanum on the field with the priestess of the mother of the gods, Rhea Silvia, is doubtless Roman (III. ix. B); and so are "Paris" (Ode I. xv. A), a youthful Bacchus (III. xxv. A), and numberless other heads and groups from mythology. Even more interesting, however, to the scholar will be those engravings which illustrate antique customs; e.g., the drinking vessels (sephyus, cyathus, crater), which figure in the Etruscan gem aptly adopted as a tail-piece to the last ode of the First Book; the insignia of the sacerdotal office graven on the signet of some ancient Flamen (Ode III. vi.), and "the instruments of sacrifice" on a gem used for the same purpose, represented at III. xxiii. B. In p. 64 (cf. 404) may be seen the "plectrum" and scabillum, which are the proper arms of a musician. How many of us can tell off-hand what a scabillum was?—the bronze shoe-sole which flute-players used to beat time with. These and many more curious antiquities appear in this Horatian museum, which in this respect admirably supplements, if it does not actually supersede, Rich's *Illustrated Companion to the Latin Dictionary and the English Lexicon*.

We could dwell for ever upon these delightful helps towards realizing antique forms and faces, but we must not forget a less superficial feature of this new Horace—its text, and its introduction to the text. For this text, in the absence of all MSS. of any great age, the chief materials have been a fuller collation of Bentley's Queen's College Oxford MS., by Mr. Nettleship of Lincoln College, and the more valuable "Oldest Bernese" of Orelli, older as it is by a century than all other existing codices, and that century "the interval in which designed interpolation began to be rife." It is fortunate, as regards the chief deficiency of the "Bernese," the almost entire absence of the Epistles and Satires, that there is compensation in the exceptional accuracy, as this part, of the collation by Cruquius of the MS. of the ninth century, known as "Blandinius Antiquissimus." In points of orthography the "Oldest Bernese" seems to have been followed more completely than in former editions.

We are not surprised that Mr. Munro ridicules, and slays with the sword of criticism, the phantom which has haunted most later German scholars, that many of Horace's odes are wholly or in parts spurious. Mr. Munro argues, with much force and eloquence, that, of all styles, that of Horace would be the hardest to imitate successfully, and he draws a pertinent analogy from Bentley's edition of the *Paradise Lost*. As that critic, from want of sympathy with Milton's highest efforts and ignorance of his favourite sources, the Italians and his own country's romances, cut out many of the poet's noblest lines, so Grüppel and Peerlkamp, in "crass ignorance of all the environments of Horace, and of the sources, native and Greek, most of them now lost, from which he drew his materials of thought," mauld about supposed incongruities, and in some cases actually excise (e.g. Ode I. xii.) what Quintilian quoted as genuine. But though there is no room for scepticism as to whole odes, Mr. Munro thinks there may be much as to single words. Such is the state of MSS. that, in spite of Maclean's vehement professions, even he had to desert their authority for conjecture. The best service that can be rendered under the circumstances is such sifting of evidence and critical dicta as Mr. Munro justly credits to Mr. J. E. Yonge, and as we discern, in method at least, in the valuable introduction before us. Not, indeed, that it is smooth sailing for such as venture to air their conjectures and possible emendations. "Most of us," says Mr. Munro, "from long habit prefer our own mumpsimus to the most brilliant sumpsimus." And we can ourselves testify how much against the grain is conviction as to new readings, when our conservative instincts are interfered with. Indeed, we are ready to tax ourselves with perfidy matching that of any Cinara or Glyceria, in inconsistently giving up old loves, or readings, for new and strange ones. But there is no help for it; we must throw overboard "Veris inhorruit Adventus," Conington's "Spring's first shiver" (Ode I. xxxii. 5), for Bentley's "Veris inhorruit Ad ventum," in which he was anticipated by Salmasius, and which Munro decidedly prefers, because in February, spring's first advent, there would be as few lightly-moving leaves to shake

in Italy as in England, and the steady zephyr's breath would be the last thing to frighten a fawn. With "Mauri peditis" (I. ii. 39) it is a less pang to part. As Bentley urges, the Moor was not "acer," and did not fight afoot, or hand to hand, to say nothing of the ill compliment to Mars involved in picturing him as delighting in the prowess of his children's foe. On the other hand, the traditional character of the Marsian, corroborated by Appian's proverb that "there never was triumph over Marsian or without Marsian aid," should reconcile us to this emendation. To the usual reading and interpretation of Ode II. xx. 6-7, "Non ego, quem vocas, Dilecte Mæcenas, obibo," we are not yet prepared to say good bye; but there is serious ground for surrendering the wonted punctuation at v. 5 of the first ode of Horace. In spite of the judgment of his great predecessor Bentley, Mr. Munro calls on us to place a full-stop after "palmisque nobilis." In this case the infinitive and the two nominatives, both joined with one "juvat," have an exact Horatian parallel in Ode I. iv. 29; and vv. 7-10, otherwise without a construction, find one approved by Macleane and Dr. Kennedy, and justified by the parallel which is cited from Epist. I. xvii. 33-4:—

Res gerere et captos ostendere cibibus hostis
Attingit solum Jovis et certe stetit temptat.

The feeling of awkwardness at ending the sentence with v. 5 is "mere habit," and, amidst many similar rhythms, Munro quotes an exact parallel in the first sentence of the last ode in the third book, the epilogue to the Odes, as the first ode forms their prologue. Another conjecture, which he supports with such force as to justify its acceptance, though he stops short of that step, is to read "Thynus" or "Thænus" for Pœnus in the lines "Navita Bosphorus Pœnus perhorrescit" (II. xiii. 14). Whereas the drift of this passage is that men only guard against known dangers, the common reading here represents "the Punic skipper fearing straits with which he has little business," none at any rate comparable to his own Syrtes. Munro shows the futility of Orelli's suggestion that "Pœnus" means "Tyrian" or "Sidonian"; and by imagining a case of a supposed corrupt text in Shakespeare, argues that it is more legitimate to accept Lachmann's Thynus here (the Thyni dwelt along the shores of the Bosphorus) than "Cales" or "Cadir" for "Calais," supposing a sentence to have run, "the Calais skipper fears nought beyond the straits of Gibraltar." Yet the latter emendation, he says with a quaint drollery which it is impossible to summarize, would be greeted with a *clown*. At III. xxiv. 4, his inclination would lead him to read "Tyrrenum omne tuis et superius mare," and to consider "Apulicum" a gloss for the italicized word; but he accepts Lachmann's "Terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum" in deference to authority, although with a suspicion that "Tyrrenum" is genuine, and "terrenum" baser metal. Upon another contested line "Altricis extra limen Apulicis," his reasons for doubting Mr. Yonge's emendation "limina vittula" —namely, the absence of such diminutives from the highest class of Augustan poetry—constitute in themselves a small mine of criticism. We must refer the scholar to it, and only notice one other improved reading (Ode I. iv. 8), which he thinks justified by MSS. authority, although he does not, with Bentley, adopt it. For "Vulcanus ardens urit officinas," some MSS. read *visit*; and Munro attributes this variance to the fact that in Horace's day "visit" would be written "uissit." Correct transcribers would keep "visit" when "uissit" became obsolete, while the more ignorant would change it to "uissit," an unmeaning perfect soon changed again to "urit." As he adds truly, "Venus dancing in the moon-shine while her husband is away visiting the stithies of the Cyclops," is a beautiful picture. For many more valuable hints as to interpretation, as well as prosody and punctuation, we must refer our readers to the volume itself, and content ourselves with saying that in its twofold aspect, and in the excellency of the distinct work of its twin editors, this edition of Horace reflects the highest credit upon English culture and scholarship.

A YANKEE MINOR POET.*

THE reader will doubtless receive with curiosity the announcement of a new poem by the author of *Daisy Swain*. That poem was in every possible respect so utterly unlike anything to which we have been accustomed in this country, that it is not probable that any Englishman who had the privilege of reading it can have forgotten its characteristic features. To those of our benighted countrymen who were prevented, by lack either of time or of Transatlantic sympathies, from making acquaintance with Mr. Dagnall's first work, an opportunity is now offered, by the publication of the *Mexican*, of appreciating the merits of this minor poet of America. A major poet Mr. Dagnall himself would at present perhaps hardly claim to be, since he has only hitherto given to the world two not very lengthy "poems" as the fruit of his genius.

It is true that much higher claims have been put forward in Mr. Dagnall's behalf by some of the American daily, monthly, and quarterly papers and magazines. *Daisy Swain* was, according to the Vermont and Massachusetts critics, an "elevated," "inspired," and, above all, a "thoroughly loyal" poem. A magazine of Philadelphia said that Mr. Dagnall had displayed real power in that work, and that his genius would earn him an enviable position and fame as a poet. "If," cried a Boston journal, "any Englishman should contemptuously ask now

who writes an American poem?" we should triumphantly answer, "John M. Dagnall." But it was a New York paper that gave the severest rebuke to the narrow insular prejudices of Albion, by raising the new author to a height above our most renowned poets of the present and past centuries. "Byron," said this critic, "wrote *Don Juan*; Shelley, *Prometheus Bound*; and Coleridge, *Christabel* (sic); but neither of the three had the genius to produce *Daisy Swain*. Long may its distinguished author write," &c. &c. It is, however, fairly questionable whether the whole of this criticism springs from purely aesthetic considerations, or whether some of it may not have been written from an international or anti-British point of view. Just as there are in England some journals and some politicians who make the most sincere and admirable efforts to be truthful and impartial on most topics, but on whom the word "Yankee" or "negro" has a perfectly maddening effect, so it is conceivable that some American critics may be unable to resist the temptation of administering a snub to English literature, and may choose rather to obey the dictates of patriotic spleen than those laws of criticism which their profound study of high art would otherwise have suggested to them to follow. Had the Boston critic been able to keep the thought of the "contemptuous Englishman" out of his head, and had the recollection of our pretentious Byrons, Coleridges, and Shelleys not occurred to the New York reviewer, they might perhaps have claimed a somewhat less transcendent glory for their new poet. And, at any rate, Mr. Dagnall himself will probably for the present be content to be classed among American bards as a "minor poet." Even if he claims to be superior to every English poet of the eighteenth or nineteenth century, it may occur to him that, according to the proverb, *Au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois*. His ambition, if he be the gifted creature that his Yankee critics portray him, is probably tempered by at least a Transatlantic modicum of modesty; and it is not likely that he will at present expect us to rank him above his countryman Longfellow.

The scene of Mr. Dagnall's new poem is laid in Mexico during the last days of Maximilian's Government, and it describes the adventures of a young Republican of Sonora. This hero, whom the author sometimes calls "Rafael," and sometimes, from considerations of metre or of enthusiastic affection, "Raf," is betrothed to a lovely creature named Morena, and is enjoying life immensely in her society until it occurs to him to meditate upon the wrongs and sufferings of his country under "the foreign sneak" Maximilian, and to conclude that he ought to strike a blow for the Republic of Mexico. He is possessed of great personal prowess, which is thus described in lofty lines by the poet:—

Nor one, nor two, he feared to meet; for tho'
Still young in years, yet few his strength could boast;
And he who dared dispute his way, he'd rap
With well aimed blows his sconce, until his eyes
Would dash with stars.

Accordingly, leaving Morena under the care of her father, Don Pedro, he goes on board a privateer, and sails down the Gulf of California. After a desperate but triumphant encounter with a French vessel, he is caught in a storm and shipwrecked. All the crew except Rafael are drowned; and he is cast, almost dead, upon an apparently desert island. Here however he is rescued and cherished by an enchanted princess, who falls in love with him, but from whom, after a time, he escapes on board of a Spanish ship which puts into the enchanted island for water. Meanwhile Gondora, a rival of Rafael, but whose suit has been rejected by Don Pedro and his daughter, having first betrayed to Maximilian the meditated rising in Sonora, carries off Morena to a castle which he has strongly fortified. Rafael, however, who returns at that juncture from the enchanted island, and disembarks from the Spanish vessel, pursues Gondora to his stronghold, and after a sharp struggle kills him, and rescues Morena. This done, and the Republican cause having meanwhile prevailed, the lovers are happily married.

Now as to the metre in which the poet has clothed this epic. Judging by the foregoing extract, the reader may perhaps have jumped to the conclusion that the poem is written in iambic pentameters, or blank heroic verse. Such a conclusion would be erroneous, though very natural. The impression made upon any reader by the first ten lines must certainly be that the poem is intended to be written in that measure; and perhaps, by a very liberal allowance for the use of trochees, tribachs, anapests, dactyls, and even cretins, in the place of the normal iambics, he might manage to maintain his theory for the first ten or twelve pages of the poem, though he would find his liberality sorely tried by such lines as the following:—

For them he felt
He war could wage, or still in tempests live,
Danger scorn upon the waste of waters,
Where the winds of ocean free shall waft him
Where adventure leads to fame and conquest,
'Gainst his foes upon the sea.

But he will come before long to verses to which it is impossible to assign five feet of any kind whatever, and which even upon the give and take system—that is, allowing the redundant syllables of one verse to supply the deficiencies of another—cannot be made out to be pentameters. For example:—

But doomed beneath their roofs
Of mold and filth of dungeon damp they may
Be for a time; yet the sun doth shine
Above their sorrowing heads, Justice still
Doth weigh the balance.

* *The Mexican; or, Love and Land.* By J. M. Dagnall, Author of "Daisy Swain." New York: American News Company.

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The most Procrustean ingenuity cannot torture the third and fourth of those lines into heroic verses; and the occurrence of these, and hundreds of similar and even shorter lines, throughout the poem may sorely puzzle the English reader, unless he bethinks himself of the true solution of the difficulty, which is thus suggested in the words of the poet's New York publishers:—"Nothing in this work is stilted. The poet's thoughts spring spontaneously from the subject; and his verse is unaffected and free from the restraints of mechanical mannerism on which so many poets rely for their reputation." The obvious truth is that this child of Columbia cannot, like the unhappy Byron or Coleridge, and like so many miserable English poets of the present day, suffer himself to be tied and bound by the rigid fetters of metre. The genius of his poetry bursts the slavish bonds of prosody, and soars far above the region of forms into that illimitable Yankee empyrean where only the spread eagle are at home.

Let us, in a spirit of hopeless yet ungrudging admiration, proceed to note some of those beauties of thought and diction which justify the ecstasies of the publishers at having secured the monopoly of such a work. And, in order to save the constant repetition of the symbol *sic*, it may be here stated, once for all, that every extract from the poem is quoted with literal and verbal fidelity to the original. Here is an instance of what the poet's publishers call "his sweet and elegant expressions of language." The poet has been describing a scene between Rafael and Morena, in which they "pay compliments," or, as we should say, make love, under "a green alcove"—that is to say, the shade of a mango tree. Sitting under this mango,

Alternate then
They'd look at each and smile, then clasp each hand
With friendly fervor; for each one felt that each
Was loved.

The "compliments" of American lovers are somewhat intricate. It would puzzle two European lovers to smile upon each; but their utmost ingenuity would probably fail to find out how to manipulate their four hands, so that they might clasp each of the four with friendly fervour. Having ended "their compliments," the lovers, if we are not mistaken, kiss one another:—

Then wrangling Mars
And Cupid quartered in their leafy camp.

But it is difficult to be sure of the exact meaning of these lines. Mars clearly means Rafael, and Cupid, apparently, Morena. The loves of Mars and Cupid are a novel, but exquisitely improved, American edition of the Old World tale which Demodocus sang; and the refined term "quartering" no doubt embodies the notion which is conveyed to us English Philistines by the commoner word *hugging*. Having "quartered," the lovers go home:—

Soon they reached
With graceful step and slow, the palace of
Don Pedro fair Morena's honor'd sire,
Whose shiny pate an index bald revealed
That there old Time a barber turn'd and shorn
It of the locks his youth had wove.
But yet he bore his weight of years well.

In England an index is generally intended to reveal something else, and does not itself require revelation. But Mr. Dagnall does not use the word in that low utilitarian sense. According to him an index means a secret or mystery which requires explanation. In England, also, *shorn* is not, except in one or two provincial dialects, the past tense of *shear*, nor *wove* the past participle of *weave*. An English poet would feel himself compelled to write *sheared* and *woven*. But then in England we are enslaved by the tyranny of grammar, as well as that of prosody. The American minor poet is equally free in both these respects; and we must envy the elasticity which our language gains under his patronage. Thus, for example, the pronoun *thou* is in this poem both singular and plural, and of both second and third persons. "Thou may," "thou wilt," "thou did," "thou wish," "thou conceives," "thou doth"—all these combinations are common in the *Mexican*, as they were in *Daisy Swain*. The following verses will illustrate this great improvement in the use of pronouns. The poet makes Rafael exclaim, after his shipwreck,

Ah, comrades brave! alas! I cannot help
Think of thy fate. Oh! let thy conscious spirits
Blame not me . . .
Down in the ocean graves in peace repose
From earthly toil secure, sweet be thy sleep!

And again, before the storming of Gandora's stronghold:—

"The maiden yield from thrall dom vile," Raf cried,
"Ere we upon thy heads destruction hurl."

His use of the termination *th* is another example of the poet's liberty. This termination, which a tyrannous prescription compels us in England to reserve for the third person singular of the present tense indicative, is used by Mr. Dagnall for the termination of almost every person, number, and tense of the verb. The following lines will severally illustrate its employment for (a) the first and (b) second persons singular, and (c) for the third person plural, of the present tense; and for (d) the third person singular, and (e) third person plural, of the past tense:—

- (a) It was the pleasing smile *I oft bath seen.*
- (b) Here at my side when *thou Rafael goest hence.*
- (c) *Hath Republics but a life's uncertain date?*
- (d) *Don Pedro rose,*
- (e) *And spaketh to his mirthful guests around.*
- (e) *Ere their words upon the south wind fledeth.*

After all, however, it is useless to attempt to classify the poet's usages of words. Any such attempt shows a fundamental inability to appreciate the unconditioned nature of the poet's liberty. One could almost as well imagine an American patriot subject to the grinding despotism of Queen Victoria as an American poet submitting to be governed by grammatical rules or critical canons. Under what rule, for instance, could we class the following amazing discord of the verb and its subject?—

The weapons which *thy grace wouldst lend*
To quell the rash insurgents.

Or the following abnormal, yet elegant, inflection of the verb *to do*—

They done as bid, for every one approved
The Captain's word.

To attempt to formulate the unconditioned is a hopeless task, and the reader is probably ready to admit that Mr. Dagnall's verse is indeed "free from the restraints of mechanical mannerism." Such lines as

Soon near the altar stone *in special pew*
Devout, near other worshippers, she knelt.

Or,

Come hither champion brave, the *rostrum* mount.

Or,

But him she'd pass
Disdainful by, nor condescended once
To fix upon his low and sensual phiz
A gaze.

Or,

Ah! who she sighed can tell what evil there
On yonder deep, which now so tranquilly
Reposes, *hath befallen my young man?*

will sufficiently convince the reader that Mr. Dagnall's publishers are justified in asserting that he possesses "all the human moods, the very qualities of heart and soul of the true poet." On the whole, it is clear that, since the publication of *Daisy Swain* and the *Mexican*, the reputation of Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge has been hopelessly doomed.

WIFE AND CHILD.*

WHAT evil genius prompted Miss Whitty to attempt a story so entirely beyond her grasp, both in method of narration and in circumstances? The autobiographical form, when the speaker is assumed to be a man, is almost beyond the power of any woman to render lifelike. How indeed can she make lifelike the workings of a nature with which she is necessarily very imperfectly acquainted? for even the woman who understands most about men is still very far from any accurate knowledge of them as they are with each other and to themselves. *Wife and Child* is simply an amazing story, so far as its mistakes go. We cannot understand how any educated person in the present day, when so much is known concerning French society, should have made so many and such grave blunders. She might have read, if she could not observe; and the meagrest magazine article that treated of her subject could have set her right, and have given her more correct information than what she possessed for herself. The book is made-believe—and it is a very transparent make-believe indeed—to be written by a Mr. Harley, an artist travelling in France apparently in happy forgetfulness of picture-dealers and exhibitions; who, alighting by chance at the village of Gamaches, instantly plunges into the midst of the small love affairs and domestic dramas going on there at the moment, and moreover gets admitted to the grand château, and taken into the confidence of peer and peasant in a way little less than marvellous. But it is as difficult to understand why Miss Whitty chose France for her scene of action as why she chose a man for her fictitious narrator. For though she has probably passed through Picardy and Normandy, where she places the scene of her story, she has evidently learnt no more of the life there than a foreigner would learn of England by looking at the fields and villages from the windows of a railway carriage. She gives no touch of local colouring anywhere, and her ignorance of even the most salient points of difference between us and our neighbours is as complete as it is odd. Her characters have French names, but they have decidedly English ways, and speak, act, and think as if they had been born within the sound of Bow Bells, and had never stirred beyond it.

When the ground lines are shaky and ill-drawn the whole structure is sure to be awry; and we are bound to confess that *Wife and Child* is very much awry indeed. There is not a blunder in any way possible to be made that is not dragged in to swell the list of literary offences. The author speaks of men getting drink at a road-side café; her travellers go by a coach and alight at the door of a village inn; among these travellers is the narrator, the Mr. Harley in question, who has passed as a Frenchman with his peasant fellow-voyagers, until, suddenly aroused, he speaks in English, when to their amazement they discover he is an Englishman; though how a set of unlettered peasants could distinguish the Britannic tongue from the German, the Russian, or the Spanish, is among the minor mysteries of the narrative. Hodge at his plough would not be so discriminating, for every foreigner would be mounseer to him indifferently, feeding on frogs and living in slavery, whatever his special nationality. When these perspicacious peasants alight at the door of the village inn, which

* *Wife and Child*. By Miss Whitty. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

[March 6, 1869.]

is in the square, and is called the Artists' Home—we should like to see that sign translated into French—they all go into the "coffee-room," and here Mr. Harley hears something about a former occupant of the state-chamber of the inn, an Englishman, commonly called "le Gentilhomme"—certainly a literal translation of "the gentleman," the name by which a stranger might have been known in a primitive English village, but as certainly not the name which would have been given him in France. When the room called le Gentilhomme's chamber is being prepared for the new-comer, Madame Planchette, the untidy hostess with a good heart under her slatternly exterior, finds that she has no sheets, so has to borrow them from her neighbour, Madame la Directrice de Poste, next door. Now this was a very strange want on the part of Madame Planchette; inconceivable, indeed, in a country where almost the poorest peasant bride has her "dozens"—of household linen among the rest—as her necessary *corbeille de mariage*, and where linen is far more plentiful than in England; partly because, in the country, the "grand wash" comes only two or three times in the year, not as with us every week, and therefore a larger store is needed; and partly because the national customs go that way, and French linen, like Scotch "naper," marks the respectability of the family and the niceness of its habits. These are the first blunders; all occurring quite in the beginning of the book; and they have so far a good effect that they prepare the reader for the graver mistakes that are to follow.

The authority of parents over their children, and the almost universal obedience which children pay to their parents' wishes in the matter of marriage, with the consequent prevalence of the *mariage de convenance* over that of mere affection, and the excessive shyness and social effacement of unmarried girls, are about the cardinal points of French society. Take away these, and the whole social fabric must be reorganized. It would be no longer France, but another country altogether. Let us see how these cardinal points are dealt with in *Wife and Child*, and what is made of the obedience of sons and the social effacement of girls. A young man, the heir of his house and the only son of his mother, has fallen in love with a street girl, a wandering acrobat originally, whom his mother took from her perilous profession and brought up in her own house in unfeigned intimacy with her son; all which, to begin with, is as utterly impossible as that an Eastern youth should be in full familiarity with his friend's harem. This lady, Madame de Vermandois, wants her son Louis to marry his cousin, one Mademoiselle Adèle d'Artigny; but though Adèle is passionately in love with Louis, he snubs her cruelly and will have none of her. The queerest bit of drawing of all is in this character of Mademoiselle Adèle. She is bold, forward, sensual girl, who talks to gentlemen that she sees for the first time with the *aplomb* of a married woman—and a singularly cool hand, too, among married women; who is insolent and discourteous as no French lady would allow herself to be; and who shows such an amount of voluptuous love for her cousin as would be simply impossible in French society. No well-conducted woman of any age could so far forget herself as Adèle is represented as doing; even among the *lotresses* themselves it would not be tolerated as an exhibition made in cold blood; and were a demoiselle of Adèle's rank mad enough for such displays, they would be taken as the aberrations of madness pure and simple, and the girl would be consigned to a *maison de santé* or to a convent. A demoiselle is the very fetish of French sentiment, the idol round which our neighbours hang their choicest garlands; and the care taken of her in anything like decent society is one of the main facts of French life. Again, no man would have spoken of a demoiselle, and his cousin, too, as "a splendid creature—a fine animal." Public opinion would revolt against such a tone as abominable and disgraceful; for, whatever Frenchmen may permit themselves to say of married women or light women, a young girl—*l'ingénue* of the stage—is sacred. Then Adèle is supposed to be able to go out alone at all hours, to have secret interviews with a ruffianly vagrant by name José, and to sleep on the ground floor, far away from her mother's room, and in a part of the house where the gentlemen and the guests sleep—all of which is no more according to the habits and customs of French domesticity than if a Frenchman were to speak of our ladies as joining in a man's wine party, or sleeping in communistic dormitories. What can we think of a picture of French manners which makes a lady apologize to a gentleman, and an Englishman too, for having placed his room on the ground-floor next to Adèle's? whereupon he answers, "It will make no difference, unless it should produce a nightmare"? to which she replies, "I trust it will produce nothing worse!" referring to the enmity between them, and the possible results of this, not to anything more equivocal. A shrewd sharp Frenchwoman could not possibly have made such a broad double entendre innocently; and, not being able to make it innocently, she would not have made it at all, of a demoiselle. Then, again, a husband and wife detail their night conversation together, which also is utterly inadmissible as a picture of manners, on many grounds. This kind of writing is indeed a perilous playing with edge tools.

The Mr. Harley, too, who tells this odd history of Anglicized Gauls, is about as like real as a waxwork figure or a field scarecrow. He is simply a very weak woman put into coat and trousers, and his voice is the voice of Bottom roaring like a sucking dove. He plays with little children like a woman; takes maternal care of distressed young females like a woman; gives scarlet flannel to old dames, and expatiates on the advantages of the scarlet colour

for warmth and comfort, certainly not as a man would have done; enters into the love affairs of his neighbours like a woman; and is tearful, pedantic, and impulsive, all like a woman of rather more than average sentimentality and rather less than ordinary fibre. He and Louis de Vermandois talk together in the tallest of the high falutin' style. Their first interview is described thus: Mr. Harley is sketching; Louis is half asleep on the ground near him; the two are strangers, but Louis, suddenly arousing himself and lifting his cap, apologizes for "turning the highway into a bedchamber"; but he "could not make an exertion to look up," he said, "so locked was every faculty in the imprisonment of thought." To which Mr. Harley replies: "At your age I should have fancied imagination to be a more natural expression than thought." "Imagination is the offspring of passions—thought the child of knowledge." After a little more of the same kind, Mr. Harley goes on to say:—

While I was thus drawing my own conclusions, he turned, and seeing my scrutinizing examinations, laughingly exclaimed, "Are you wishful to take my portrait, in order to impart human animation as an enhancement to your landscape sketch?" "Not unless you think your portrait would produce the desired effect," I answered, with a somewhat malicious smile. "Ah! that is a reproach to my courtesy in presuming your drawing needed improvement." "Nay, it was not my drawing I alluded to, but this lovely scene, which, so far from needing humanity as an embellishment, makes us poor mortals feel terribly out of place amidst such exquisite poetry of nature," &c. &c.

Is this the kind of talk two young men would hold together in the Forest of Eu or anywhere else?

If *Wife and Child* is odd in every other respect, it is also odd in its grammar; it is as if the author wrote by ear, not knowledge, and her ear played her false not unfrequently. She speaks of a language "comprehensive to all around"; says "have control of you"; makes "them" refer to "any one"; calls a bad smell "inodorous"; and so forth. As for the story, it is worthy of the diction and general style of treatment. A secret marriage between the "gentilhomme" of the beginning—one Mr. Edward Dargan, whom Mr. Harley knew from the first to have been an Irishman, and not English at all, because he was said to have had dark blue eyes—and a factory girl, by name Marie, has resulted in the birth of a little girl, and the flight of the unacknowledged wife or mother. Mr. Dargan dies; the mother dies; the child becomes a street acrobat; is saved by Madame de Vermandois; has her papers, her mother's marriage certificate, &c., stolen by José, and is therefore for a time unable to substantiate her legitimacy; is much exercised and hardly dealt with by Adèle, because of her love for Louis de Vermandois; and finally emerges from all her clouds under the patronage of Mr. Harley, and is married to Louis with the full consent of everybody. If Miss Whity had called her book a picture of Chinese society, she would have been quite as near the mark as she is in making it a would-be representation of French life; for not a line in it, not a character, not a circumstance has the smallest flavour of France from first to last, and laws, manners, and national characteristics are all equally ignored or violated.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fresh discoveries of manuscript documents which are daily taking place prove at the same time how little we still know of the historical treasures at our disposal, and how necessary it is to reconsider some of the facts which have been hitherto regarded as established beyond the possibility of a doubt. Examine, for instance, the question of the Spanish marriages during the reign of Henry IV. and the Regency of Marie de Médicis. Most historians in discussing this twofold piece of matrimonial diplomacy assert that the negotiations on the subject began in the year 1609; if we believe them, Henry IV. was thoroughly averse to the whole affair, and took no pains to conceal his feelings. But, in point of fact, the preliminary schemes with reference to the fresh bond which was to connect France with Spain may be traced back as far as the year 1602; at the very birth of the Infanta Anne of Austria and of the Dauphin Louis they were already in contemplation, and in 1609 they were interrupted on account of the "grand design" which for a time estranged France from Spain, whilst it led to an alliance with Savoy. It follows that, on assuming the regency, Marie de Médicis could, without departing very much from the truth, say that in renewing the negotiations for the Spanish marriages she was adhering to the policy of the late King. We have thus stated in a few words one of the points on which the history of the reign of Henry IV. and of the subsequent regency requires to be corrected; but there is, besides, a fact which, although universally acknowledged, has never been sufficiently explained. In 1612 the marriages were settled, and the necessary documents signed by the contracting parties; how is it that the exchange of the princesses did not take place till 1615? The answer must be found in the opposition raised by the members of the Royal family of France, who, by suggesting fresh causes of delay, tried to render the alliance ultimately impossible, and nearly succeeded in so doing. M. Perrens, in attempting to throw new light upon this important episode of the early part of the seventeenth century, has written an interesting volume*, full of valuable details, and illustrated by copious extracts from unpublished diplomatic papers; these are

* *Les Mariages espagnols sous le règne de Henri IV et la régence de Marie de Médicis.* Par F. T. Perrens. Paris: Didier.

the despatches of Roberto Ubaldini, Archbishop of Montepulciano, and Nuncio at the Court of France (1608-1615), and the correspondence of Savary de Brèves, French ambassador at the Court of Rome during the same period. Other papers, enumerated by M. Perrens in his preface, have also been profitably consulted; and, with such sources at his disposal, he has been able to complete not only M. Bazin's *Histoire de Louis XIII*, but the contemporary narrative of Charles Bernard, Claude Malingre, Levassor, and Father Griflet.

It was only last month that we had occasion to review a new French work on the history of Charles VIII. The present volume of M. Zeller takes us to the same epoch*, but its subject is Italy, not France, and the field over which the historian extends his observations is far wider, including the second half of the fifteenth century as well as the first twenty years of the sixteenth. M. Zeller has made it his aim, not to produce an erudite and original work, but to popularize the results of learning, and bring them out in an agreeable form. He gives us a series of lectures in which both the literary and the political condition of Italy during the Renaissance period are impartially discussed. The Medici, the Borgias, Machiavelli, and Savonarola are the principal actors in that busy drama; the extremes of refinement and of corruption uniting as in one common channel to overrun society, whilst the counter-current of the Reformation is already gathering its strength and threatening the Church.

With the exception of a volume written two centuries ago by Charpentier, the first President of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres, France could not until very lately boast of a good monograph on Socrates and his philosophy.† M. Chaignet has endeavoured to supply the deficiency, and his unpretending book will be found to furnish, in a readable and attractive form, every fact of moment respecting the subject of which it treats. M. Chaignet, in estimating Socrates, places himself at a point of view diametrically opposite to that which Mr. Grote has adopted. Even in the preface we see the feeling of antagonism breaking out, and the author, whilst discussing the authorities for a biography of Socrates, wonders that Mr. Grote should have tried to rehabilitate the philosopher Adrastus Aphrodisiensis, quoted by Proclus, but whose evidence has seemed to Dr. Ritter worth no consideration whatever. M. Chaignet has studied in all its bearings the system of philosophy introduced by Socrates, and he finds in it not merely an intellectual reform, but a revolution affecting man's whole life. The principle from which Socrates starts is, we are told, exactly the same as that afterwards adopted by Descartes; he clears the ground of the extraneous materials accumulated by those who had gone before him, and contends that, instead of studying the phenomena of the outward world, man should concentrate all his attention upon himself. We have spoken of the system of philosophy which Socrates originated; but the expression is not strictly correct, and M. Chaignet finds fault with the great Greek moralist for not having propounded anything like a distinct code of doctrine. The quotations contained in M. Chaignet's volume are very judiciously selected, and they show a considerable amount of reading and research.

M. Camille Selden has the great merit of discoursing about Germany with a full knowledge of what Germany really is, and the introduction to his volume entitled *L'Esprit moderne en Allemagne*‡ proves that he has bestowed long and careful study on the subject of which he writes. We have to thank him for an amusing and thoughtful volume. Heine, the Archduke Maximilian, Hebbel and Anastasius Grün, suggest by turns a number of excellent remarks which place our author far above the usual tribe of tourists who pretend to know Germany à fond if they have only spent a single season at Vienna or Dresden.

It may seem singular to find M. Martha beginning his essay on Lucretius by a declaration to the effect that he, M. Martha, is neither an Epicurean nor an atheist.§ But religious discussions have reached such a pitch in France that even literature is under suspicion; both parties are on the look-out to watch the slightest symptom which can indicate to what side you belong, and if any writer of acknowledged reputation were to compose a book in praise of Bayle's intellectual qualities, there is no doubt that he would be *ipso facto* set down by some charitable critics as a thoroughgoing sceptic. M. Martha takes some pains to explain, in the first place, how Epicureanism has already been refuted over and over again; and, in the second, how unfair it is to deny the literary merits of an author simply because the opinions he advocates are erroneous. A system may be decidedly false, and at the same time the prose or poetry in which it is expounded may be as decidedly genuine. Such is the case with Lucretius, whose value as a poet and thinker may be, and ought to be, estimated quite independently of the doctrine which he has clothed in such magnificent language. A hundred years ago the poem *De Naturâ Rerum* obtained a kind of spurious popularity, not so much on account of its literary merits as because it served the then fashionable cause of irreligion. Lucretius enjoyed in the salons of Madame du Deffand and Madame Geoffrin what the French would call a *succès de vogue*, though very few indeed amongst the poet's most enthusiastic admirers would have been able to give a critical and scholarly account of his works. M.

Martha has given us a volume which, in a certain sense, completes the well-known edition of M. Munro. He deals not so much with the grammatical side of the subject as with the literary merits of the work, the ideas developed, and the system maintained. In a preliminary chapter he gives a general sketch of the doctrines of Epicurus, he then shows how Lucretius has popularized these ideas, and he concludes by an estimate of the system itself. Ingenious parallels with other writers, both ancient and modern, occur frequently, and some of the most striking passages are translated into French Alexandrines.

The collection of travelling handbooks prepared under M. Joanne's direction has just been enriched by the publication of a new volume on Corsica.* For the majority of Frenchmen that island has almost the interest of a foreign country; the language is one with which they are not familiar, the manners of the inhabitants are extraordinary, and the terrible *rendetta* is there, threatening all imprudent persons who might even inadvertently trifle with the feelings of the sensitive Corsicans. M. Léonard de Saint-Germain has accordingly found it necessary to give details of a kind somewhat different from those which fill most guide-books. A geographical and historical *résumé* opens the volume; then comes the *itinéraire*, properly so called, including a disquisition of forty-two pages on Vendetta and Banditism.

The first three fasciculi of Dr. Wurtz's Chemical Dictionary are now published†, and they enable us to judge of the importance of the whole work. Not only is the strictly scientific view of chemistry fully discussed, but also the manifold applications of the substances which come successively under notice. Thus the article *Amidon* gives us, in the first place, a complete enumeration of all starch-producing substances; it describes also, with every possible detail, the preparation of starch itself, its uses and its effects. The essay on *Analysis*, occupying forty-eight pages of close print, may be considered as thoroughly exhaustive. It includes some important remarks on spectral analysis, and is illustrated by a number of useful woodcuts. Dr. Wurtz is responsible for a series of papers in which, whilst examining the subjects of atomicity, the atomic theory and atomic weight, he adds fresh developments to the views which he had stated in his introduction. The fabrication of steel is described under the heading *Acier*, and the preparation of alcoholic liquors furnishes another instance of the care bestowed by the learned author upon questions of applied science.

M. Arnaud (de l'Ariège) has nothing very new to tell us about the famous case of Christianity *versus* the French Revolution.‡ Far from adopting M. Michelet's theory, he maintains that the Revolution is the practical realization of the theory on which Christianity itself is based. He writes in a fair and dispassionate spirit, and evidently wishes to claim on behalf of the Church an important position in modern democratic society. Not only does he represent apostolic Christianity as perfectly compatible with the tendencies of the age, but he cannot imagine that the doctrine of religious infallibility as asserted by the Church is a fallacy to be cast aside and for ever given up. The only cause of the quarrel between the two contending parties is, in his opinion, the union of Church and State.

The history of the French Revolution §, as we have already said, is in M. Michelet's estimation the history of the decay and final catastrophe of Christianity. Three more volumes of this singular work are now before us, and they bring the narrative down to the events of Thermidor. We notice at the beginning of the fifth volume a preface in which M. Michelet professes to describe M. Louis Blanc's hero, Robespierre, as he really was. It would be difficult to find anything more curious in the way of statement and reasoning. Robespierre, says our author, rose to absolute power, thanks to the support he obtained from the Jacobins, the priests, and the landowners. The last two elements in this enumeration are rather startling. Never was there, continues the ingenious historian, a less violent mob than the Parisian populace. If Robespierre has been whitewashed, it is because Napoleon was his successor; a Jacobin tyrant leads naturally to a military despot, and by the law of reaction the government of the sword must bring back that of the clubs. We are also informed by M. Michelet that Count Joseph de Maistre was an admirer of Robespierre. Madame de Staél is found fault with because her sympathies were too aristocratic, and because she suffered from a chronic attack of Anglomania.

M. Durand's list of new publications contains some items which deserve to be noticed here; and, first of all, M. Beaussire's interesting and comprehensive work on *Liberty*.|| The author begins by showing what man's individual rights really are, and by tracing the history of the assertion of these rights from the earliest period to the present time. Amongst the nations of classical antiquity, where the action of the State was incessant, philosophers were less anxious to enjoy the liberty of professing their doctrines than to procure for those doctrines the sanction of the Government. They wanted to become legislators, and to obtain a kind of monopoly which, in

* *Itinéraire descriptif et historique de la Corse.* Par L. de Saint-Germain. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Dictionnaire de Chimie pure et appliquée.* Par M. A. Wurtz, Membre de l'Institut. Fascic. 1-3. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *La Révolution et l'Église.* Par F. Arnaud (de l'Ariège). Paris: Lacroix.

§ *Histoire de la Révolution française.* Par J. Michelet. Vols. 3, 4, 5. Paris: Lacroix.

|| *La Liberté dans l'ordre intellectuel et moral.* Par E. Beaussire. Paris: Durand.

* *Entretiens sur l'histoire du seizième Siècle; Italie et Renaissance.* Par J. Zeller. Paris: Didier.

† *Vie de Socrate.* Par A. E. Chaignet. Paris: Didier.

‡ *L'Esprit moderne en Allemagne.* Par Camille Selden. Paris: Didier.

§ *Le Poème de Lucrèce.* Par C. Martha. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Directors' REPORT to the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, held at the Society's House, on Tuesday, February 23, 1869.

The Year 1868, for which the Directors have now to submit their Report to the Proprietors, was the Thirty-second since the Society was established.

The principal features of the business of the year have been as follows:

The new Assurances effected with the Society amounted to £328,100; the corresponding new Premiums to £11,279 9s. 11d. Of the latter amount £1,171 6s. 6d. was paid away for the Re-assurance of £46,200 with other offices, leaving £10,107 12s. 5d. as the net new Premiums on £281,900, the risk retained by the Society.

The Premium income of the year, after deducting all Re-assurance payments, was £127,268 9s. 5d.; that of 1867, after a similar deduction, £122,711 16s. 2d.

The principal sums paid under claims by Death were £82,715, being almost identical in amount with those of the previous year. Of these, sums amounting to £55,110 were entitled to Bonus additions, and received an increase of £14,893, being at the rate of 27 per cent. One claim of nearly £6,000 arose from the Abergele railway accident.

Taking into the account the balance of Interest due in the year, and since received, the total Income reached the sum of £201,412. The total property, which shows an increase in the year of £61,735, is invested to yield interest, free of Income tax, at the rate of £4 5s. 4d. per cent.

The accumulated and invested Property now exceeds One Million and a half sterling.

During the course of the year the Directors have had to regret the loss of their highly-respected colleague, the late Mr. Sergeant GOULBURN, one of the original Directors of the Society.

The vacancy thus created has been filled up by the election, at an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Proprietors, of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice GIFFARD.

The Directors desire to impress upon the Shareholders the necessary of continued exertion and co-operation with them in extending the business of the Society.

Trustees.

The Right Hon. the LORD CHANCELLOR.

The Right Hon. the Lord CAIRNS.

The Right Hon. Sir W. BOVILL, Lord Chief Justice C.P.

The Right Hon. Sir EDWARD VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

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Solicitors.

Messrs. DOMVILLE, LAWRENCE, & GRAHAM.

Actuary and Manager.

EDWARD ALGERNON NEWTON, Esq., M.A.

Financial Position on January 1, 1869:

Existing Assurances	£4,117,000	Invested Funds	£1,540,000
Reversionary Bonus thereon	539,000	Share capital, fully subscribed	1,000,000
Annual Income	200,000	Claims and Bonus paid	1,650,000

Whole world Policies granted for a single extra payment of 10s. per £100, where no special liability to Foreign residence then exists. Policies on lives of full age when assured confer, after Five years' existence without having incurred extra charge for Foreign license, the right of unrestricted residence in any part of the world. Ordinary Policies allow, from the date of issue, residence in any part distant more than 33 degrees from the Equator.

Nine-tenths of the total Profits divisible every five years among the assured. A valuable provision for Policies becoming claims between two divisions. Very moderate Non-bonus Premiums.

The general conditions of assurance printed thereon are specially framed to secure to Policies of the Society, when once issued, absolute freedom from all liability to future question.

Loans are granted on Life Interests and Reversions.

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON and GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICES: 1 DALE STREET, LIVERPOOL; 7 CORNHILL, and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

At the ANNUAL MEETING, held February 26, 1869, the Report of the Directors for the Year 1868 showed that—

The Fire Premiums were	£867,374
The New Life Premiums £23,403, and the Total	265,641
The Annuities Payable	56,002
The Invested Funds	3,538,078
Being an Increase on 1867 of	137,972

JOHN ATKINS,
Resident Secretary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,
1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, a.d. 1694. Extended to Life, 1836.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1869.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—60 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of the First Series.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1868), £1,253,171.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London,

For the Assurance of the Lives of Persons in every Station of Life.

Invested Assets—FIVE-AND-A-QUARTER MILLIONS STERLING.

Annual Income—HALF-A-MILLION.

Assurances are granted upon the Lives of any Persons for Sums not exceeding £10,000, either with participation in Profits, or at a lower rate of Premium without participation in Profits.

Profits are divided every fifth year, four-fifths thereof being appropriated to the persons on the participating scale of Premium.

At the Six Divisions of Profits which have been made, Bonuses amounting in the aggregate to £1,164,147 have been added to the several Policies.

The Claims paid to December 31, 1867, amounted to £7,585,370, being in respect of Sums assured by Policies £5,871,480, and £1,714,890 in respect of Bonuses thereon.

Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained, and Assurances effected, through any Solicitor in Town or Country, or by application direct to the Actuary at the Office in London.

GRIFFITH DAVIES, Actuary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
(Established a.d. 1730, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

CHIEF OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—29 PALL MALL.

Fire, Life, and Marine Assurances on liberal terms. The Duty on Life Assurance has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

Life Assurance with or without participation in Profits.

Dividends of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption from Stamp Duty, from theabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice with the facilities of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Instituted 1820.

The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,700,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £300,000.

It will hence be seen that ample Security is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurance may be effected on the most moderate terms and the most liberal conditions.

The Company also grants Annuities and Endowments.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW RADFORD, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,690,600. LOSSES PAID, £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1831—1 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

With Branches at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

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